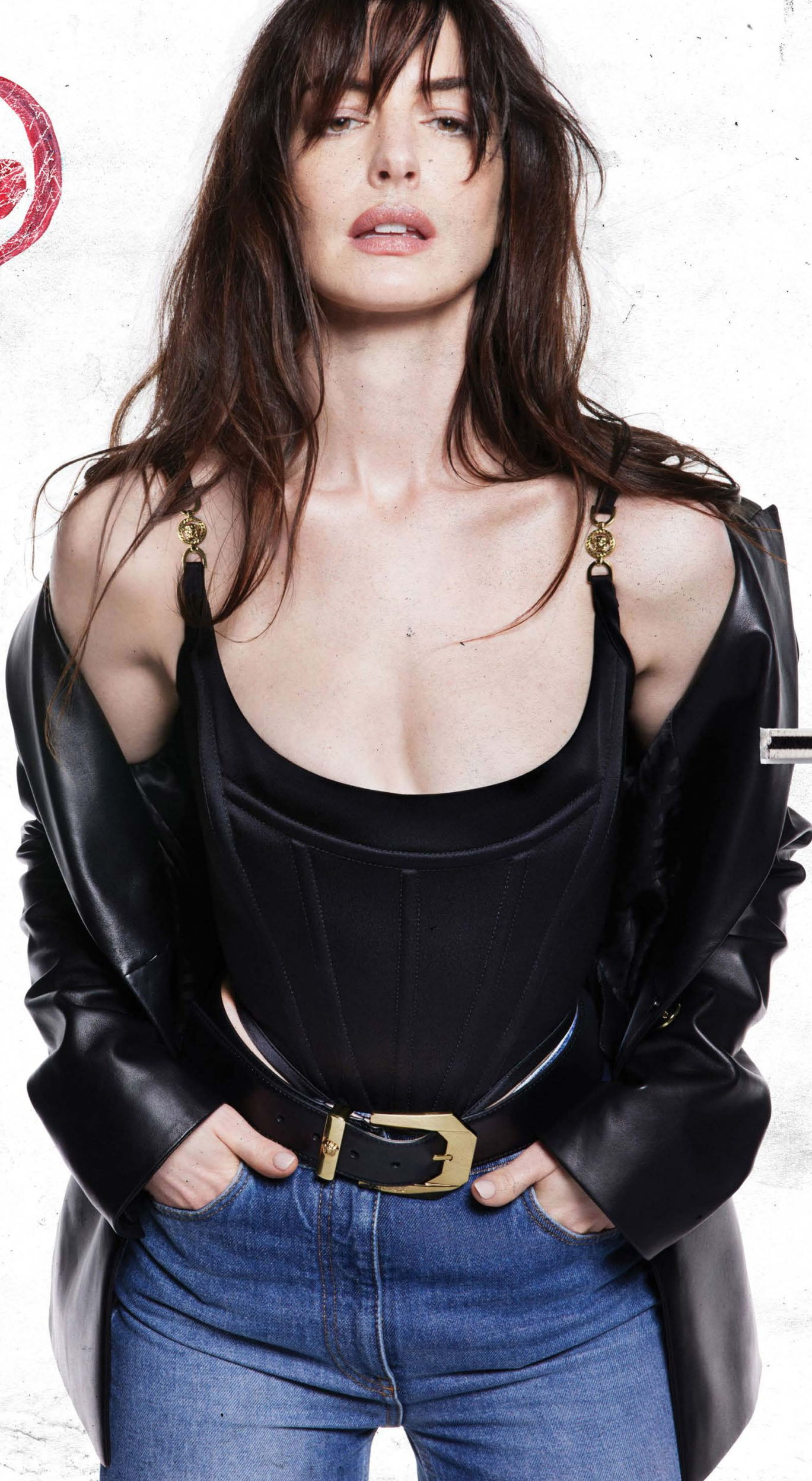


AD BUSTERS

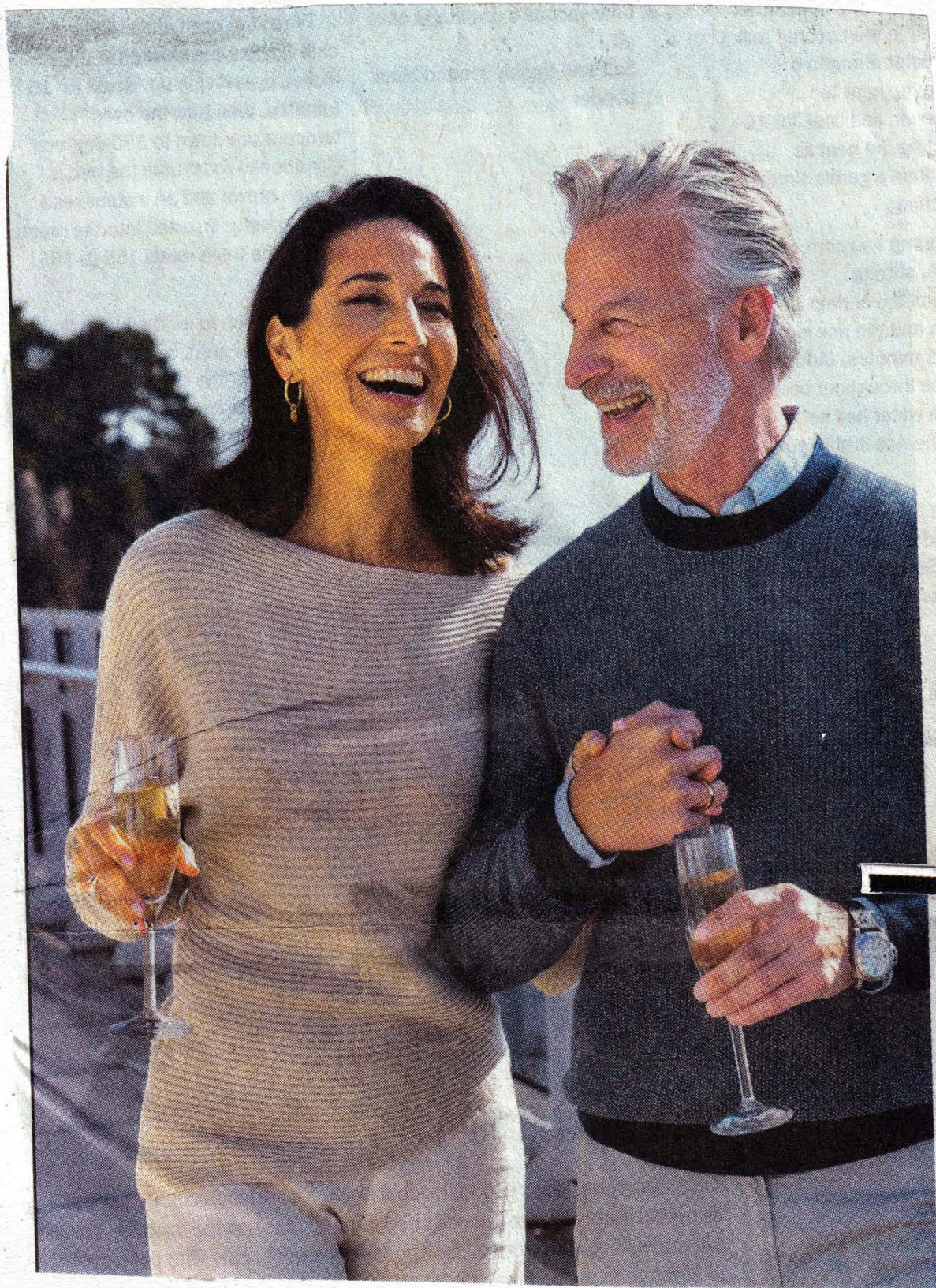
TEN YEARS TO SAVE
THE WORLD





**Fuck this
Over Consuming
Ultra Processed
Factory Farmed
Hormone & Heavy
Metals Fed
Micro Plastic Packed
Forever on sale
Suicidal
Western Lifestyle**



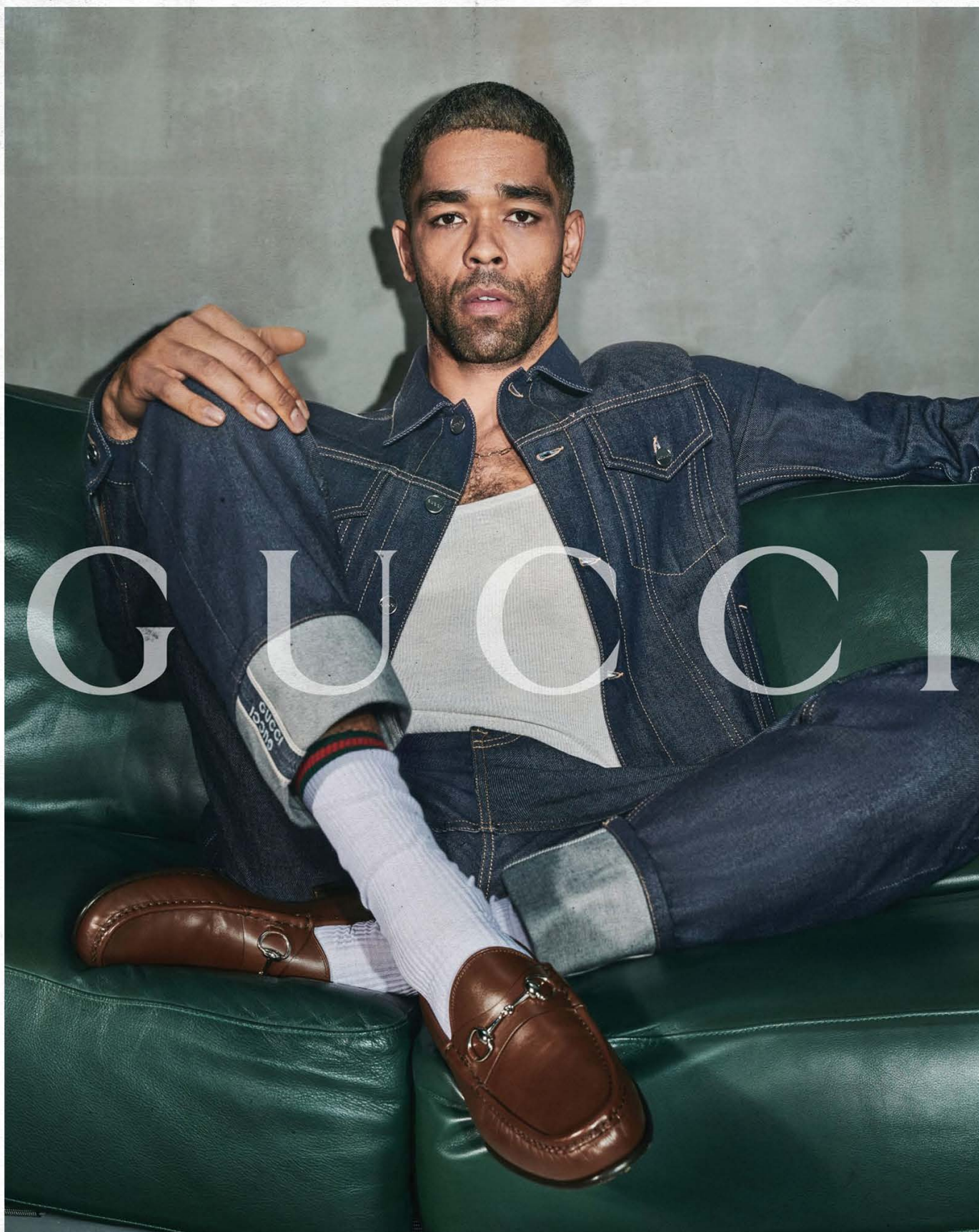


Most of us in the West are
disgusting, self-indulgent pigs...

We gobble up the bulk of the world's
resources and produce most of the
waste. And somehow we're okay
with that.

I see you struggle
you work and work
you are always running
you bathe and run
and run again

- Davi Kopenawa, Leader of the
Yanomami tribe in the Amazon

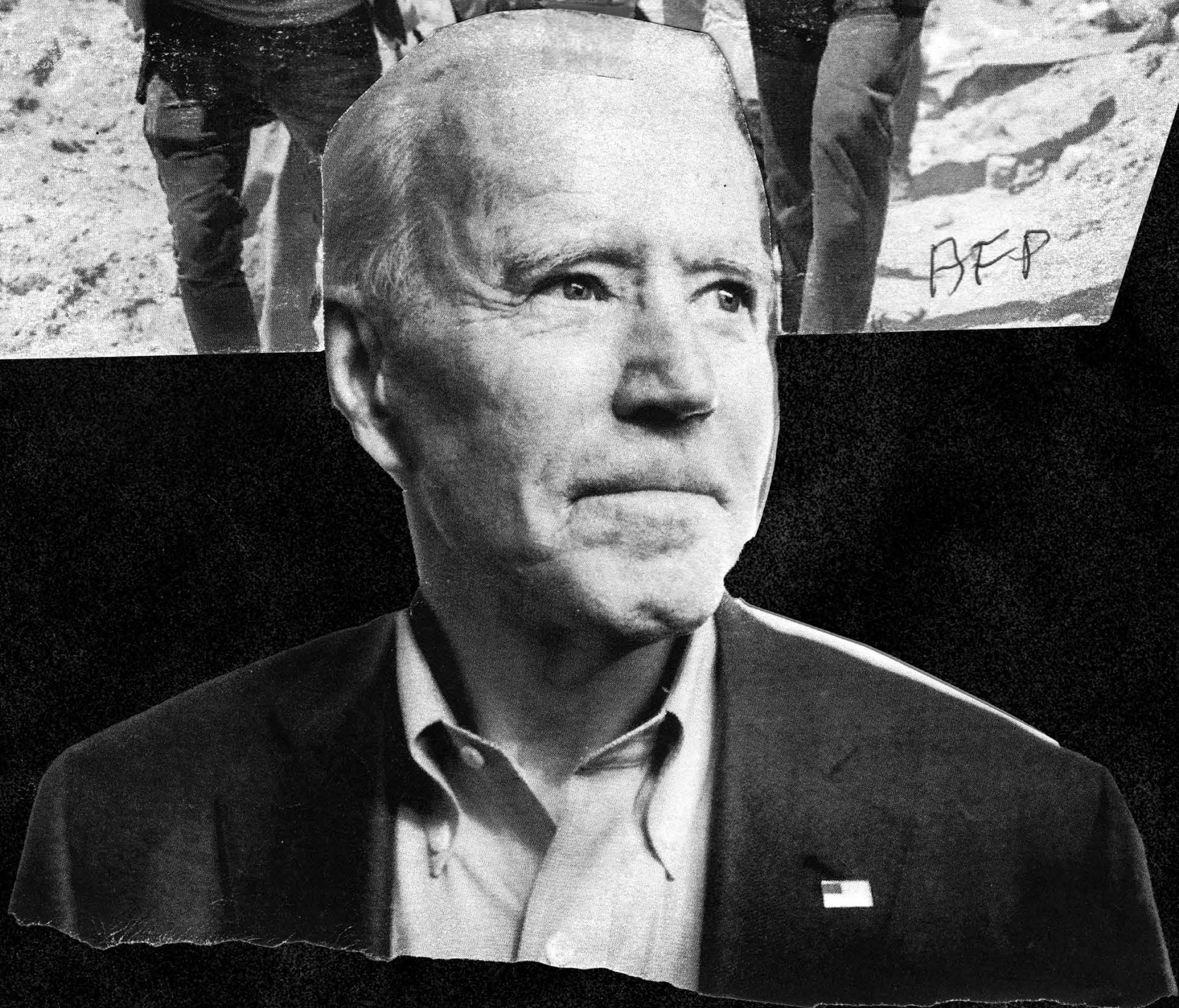


Nothing will change in this
world until we wake up and
start consuming less.

2034

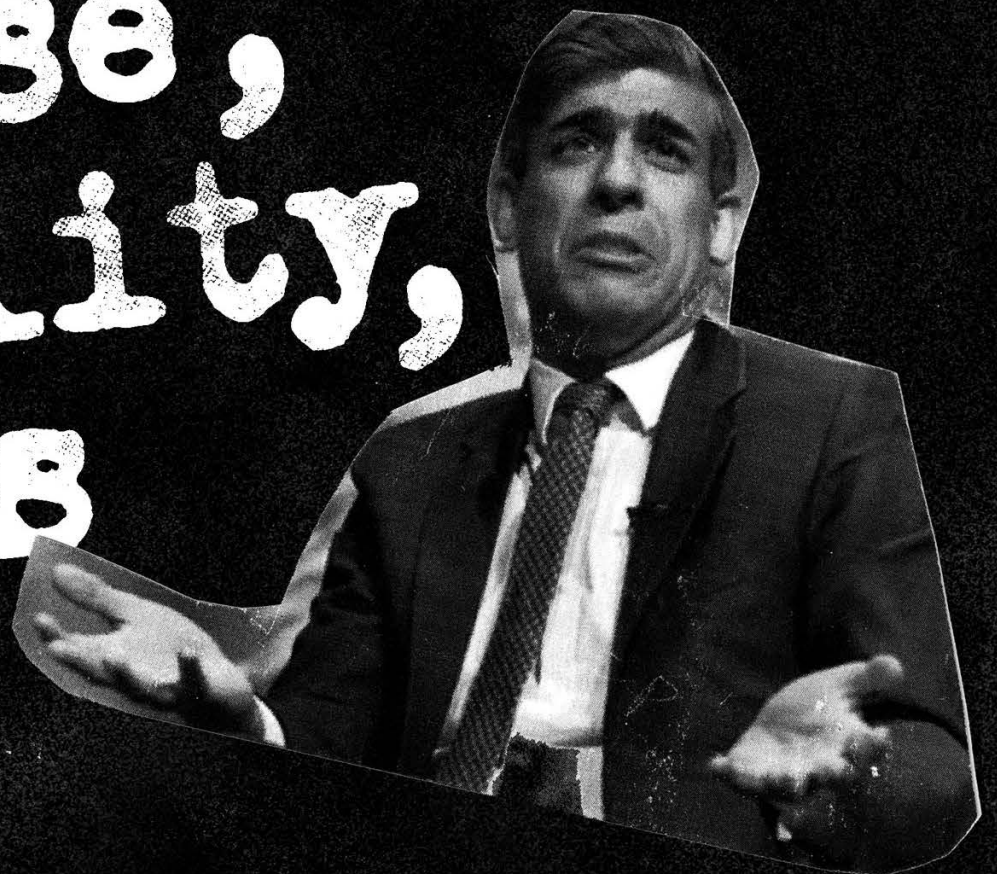


... begin dark age





Fuck you
guys . . .
you have no
vision, no
purpose,
no morality,
no guts





**FUCK
DEMOCRACY
FUCK THE
WEST**

**I'M A USELESS
PIPSQUEAK...
CAN'T DO
NOTHING RIGHT**



**SHOULDA
TREATED
SOPHIE RIGHT**

BOOOO!







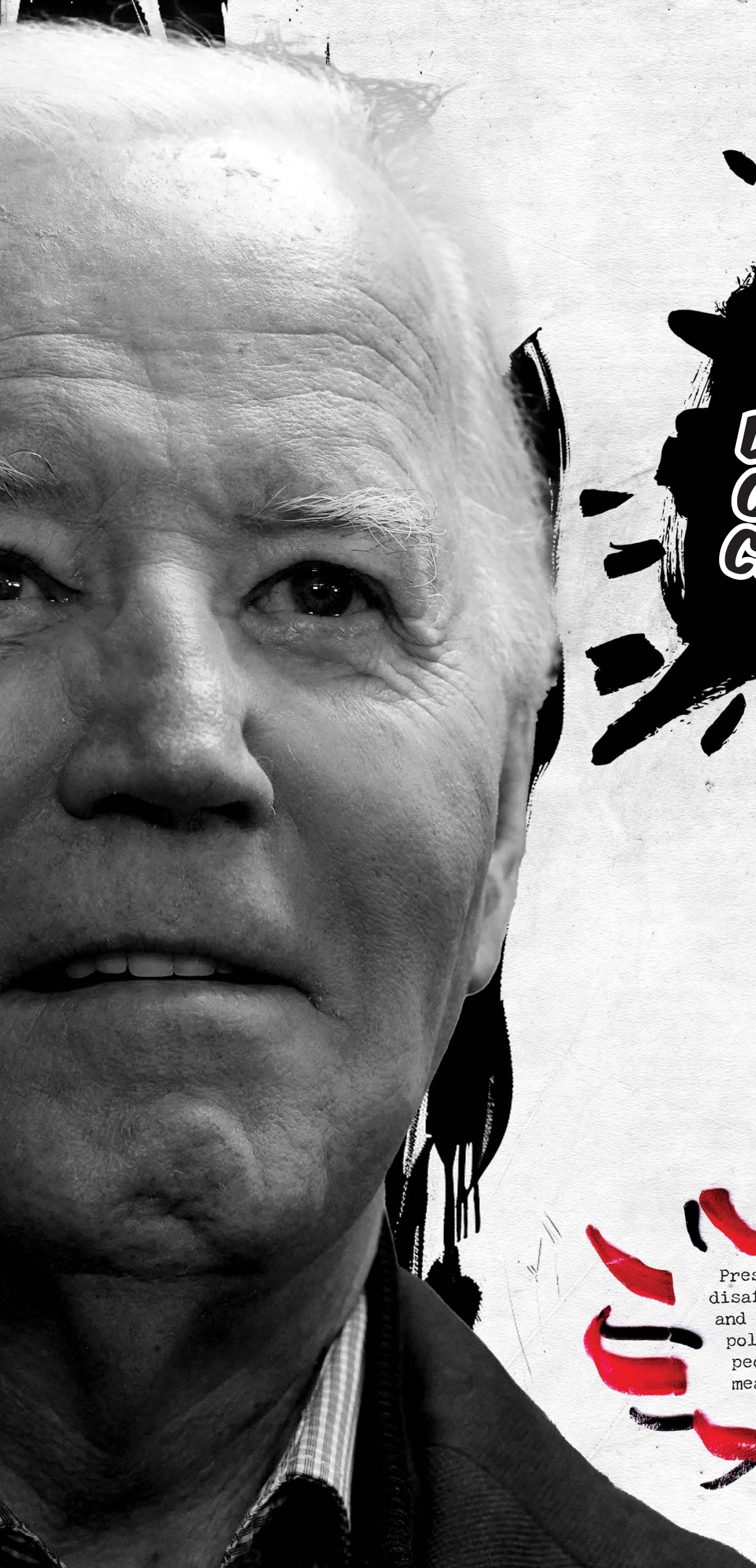
**I'M ON THE
JOE SHOW!**

**I'M
SORRY
SORRY
SORRY**

**I WANNA BE
NAPOLEON**

**I'M SAVING
THE WORLD!**





**I AM
PRESIDING
OVER THE
DISSOLUTION
OF WESTERN
CIVILIZATION**

President Biden tried to win over the disaffected by showering them with jobs and economic benefits. It did not work politically because the real absence people are feeling is an absence of meaning, belonging and recognition.

- David Brooks



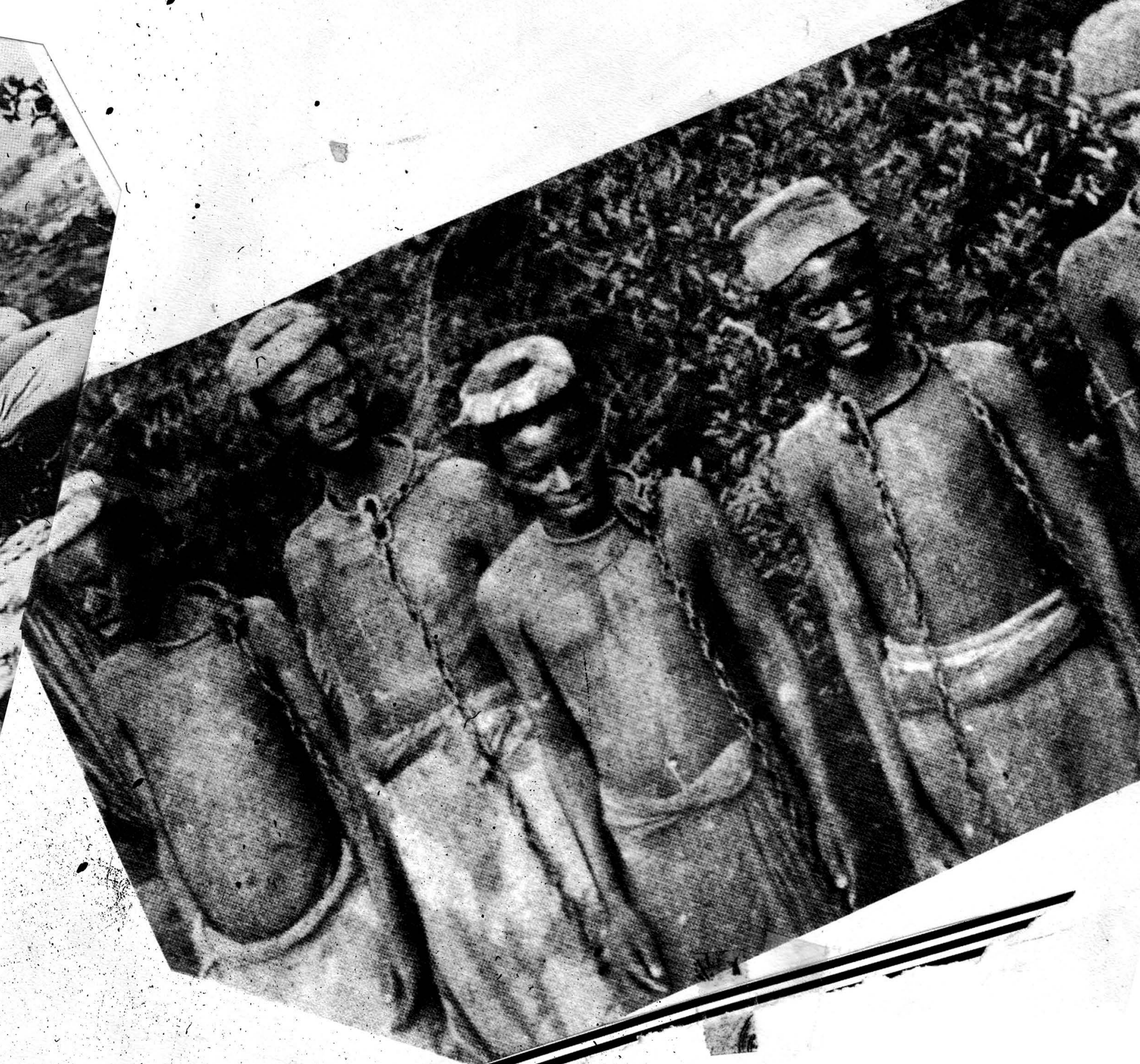
**Now maybe you're ready
for the past to catch
up with you.**

To dominate without bearing the
stain of evil: this is perhaps the
ultimate fantasy of the dominant.
- Sandra Lucbert





ALJAZEERA



We are consumed by the spirit of proselytism. Saint Paul's "go and evangelize all nations" has become "go and spread human rights to all the world." This proselytism runs deep in our western DNA. Even the least religious among us and total atheists have this in mind even though they have no idea where it came from.



Can we imagine a West that is not
proselytizing, not interventionist?



And what happens if we can't? Then we'll continue being marginalized, increasingly cut off from the rest of the world, and despised for our misplaced sense of superiority.

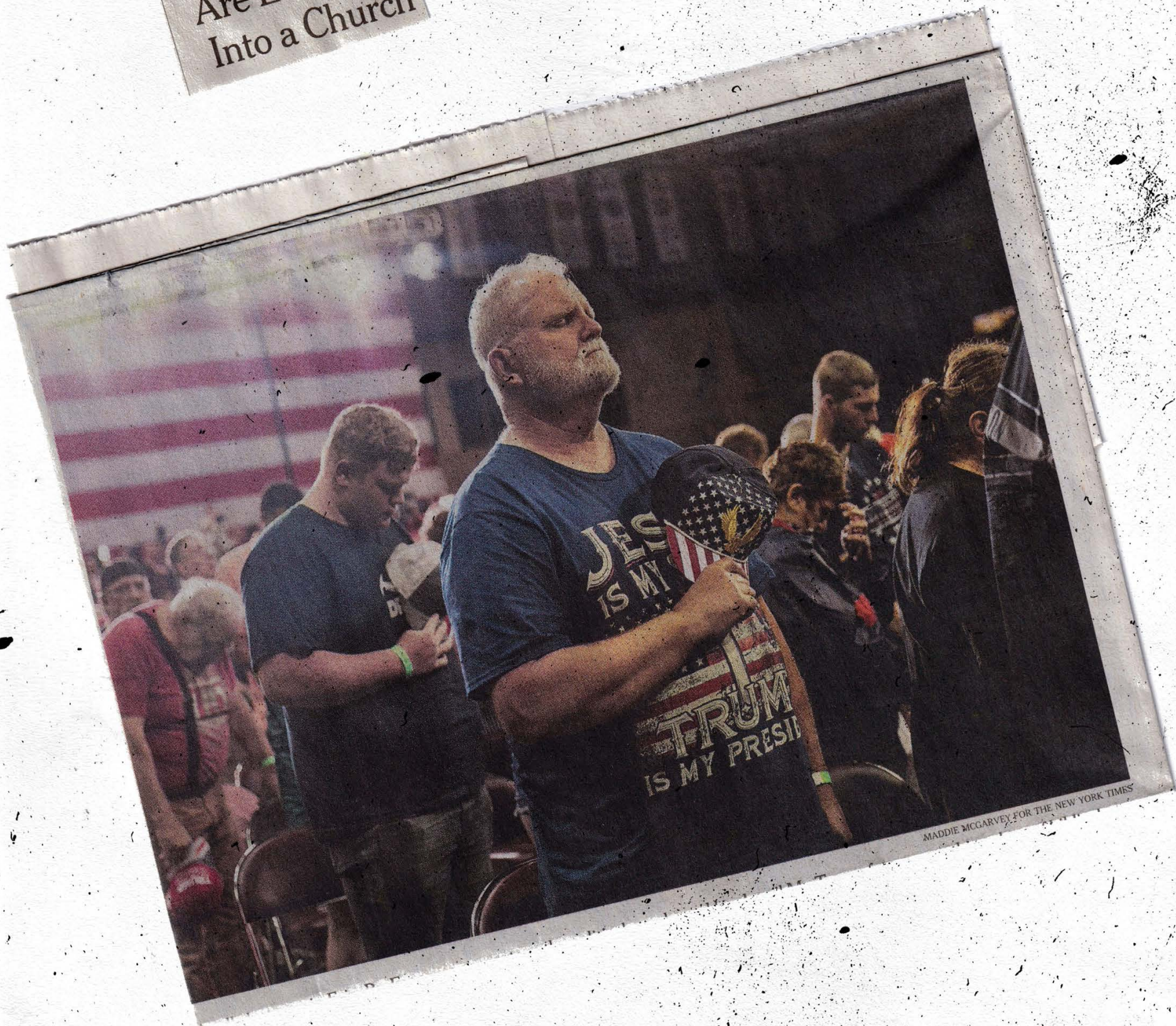
— from Arnaud Bertrand on X



The West is now left with no one to
dominate, colonize, imperialize or
cannibalize, and nowhere to expand. What
does a civilization organized around
domination, conquest, and plundering
do when it can't do it anymore? Maybe
its cannibalistic urges will be turned
against itself?



Trump Rallies Are Evolving Into a Church



MADDIE MCGARVEY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Soft, reflective music fills the venue as a hush falls over the crowd. Mr. Trump's tone turns reverent and somber, prompting some supporters to bow their heads or close their eyes. Others raise open palms in the air or murmur as if in prayer.



Imagine?
If she's your baby girl and Israel did this to her
What you are gonna do ?
Like even you can imagine that !!

motaz_azaiza

Add comment...

20,000 Palestinian children have
had their legs torn off, heads
crushed, bodies ripped apart.

I wonder what would happen if 20,000
Israeli or American, or British or Canadian
or Australian children were massacred this way?

Ask yourself that. Motherfucker.

—KL

Europe





ECOLOGIE

If we keep doing what we are doing, then to the best of our knowledge, more and more of the planet will catch fire; coastlines will wash away, glaciers collapse and rivers dry up; soils will desiccate and become barren; and millions will be on the move or dying of disease.

We will reach a point when no amount of money can make up for what has been broken.







PSYCHOCIDE

We are scrolling ourselves
right up our own butts, right
into the impenetrable darkness
of algorithmic repeat. It's
time to plot a prison break
from the Skinner Box. No
individual can do it. It's
going to take an army . . .
the Mental Liberation Front





Integrated spectacle
Generalized secrecy
Unanswered lies
An eternal present.
-- Guy Debord

2034





... begin dark age



But

An abstract, vibrant painting featuring a central, stylized face with a white forehead and blue eyes, surrounded by swirling, energetic brushstrokes in red, yellow, green, and blue. The background is a chaotic mix of these colors and fine, radiating lines, creating a sense of movement and depth.

Wait!

EDS

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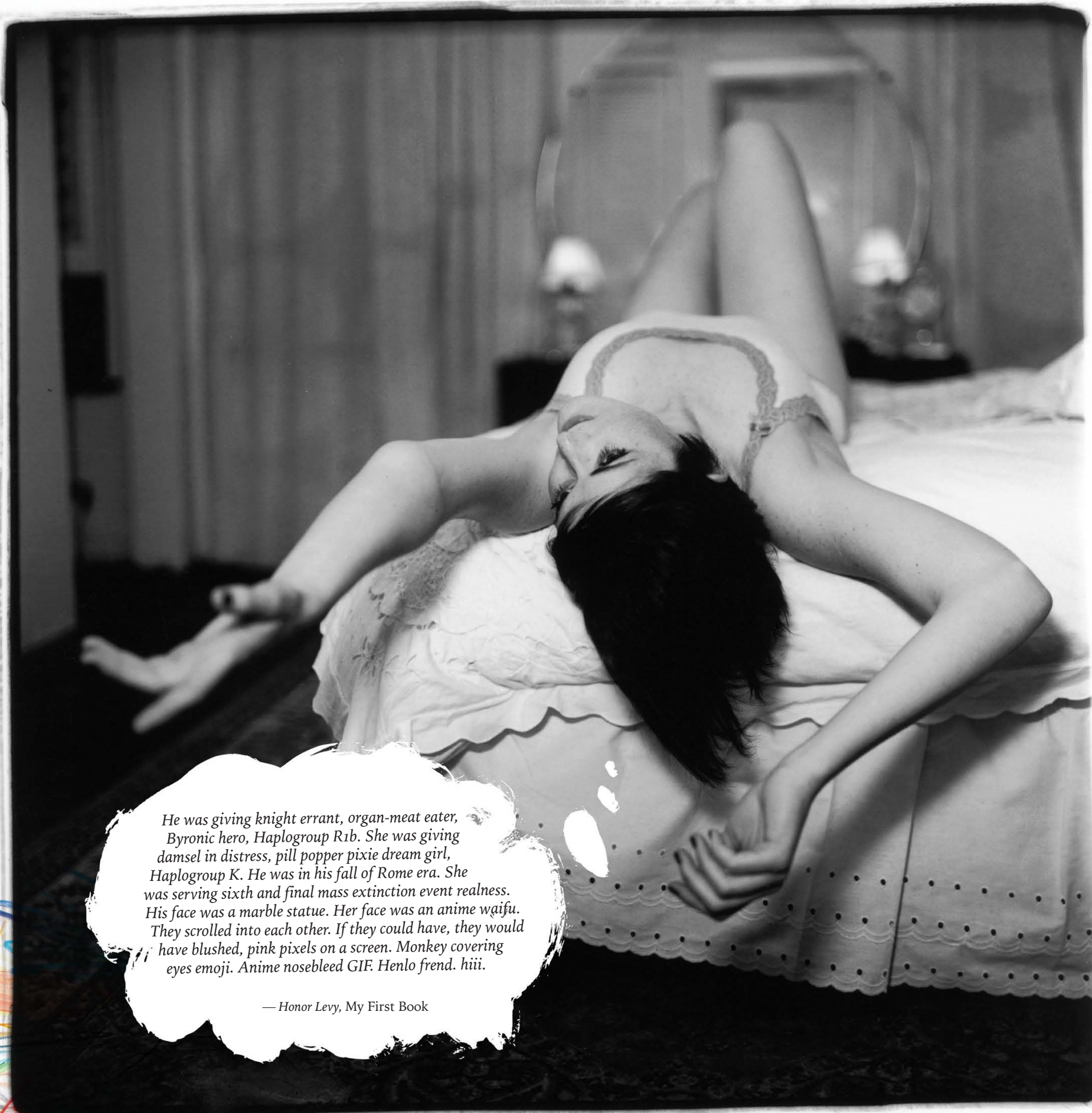


**...it doesn't have
to be this way ...**

We, the exhausted forces of the decadent West, can muster a second wind, an almighty surge of righteous exuberance, a spiritual insurrection, vivacious enough to lay the foundations of a new political philosophy of the 21st century:

ANARCHO LIBERALISM.





He was giving knight errant, organ-meat eater, Byronic hero, Haplogroup R1b. She was giving damsel in distress, pill popper pixie dream girl, Haplogroup K. He was in his fall of Rome era. She was serving sixth and final mass extinction event realness. His face was a marble statue. Her face was an anime waifu. They scrolled into each other. If they could have, they would have blushed, pink pixels on a screen. Monkey covering eyes emoji. Anime nosebleed GIF. Henlo friend. hiii.

—Honor Levy, My First Book

COLLEEN LONGO COLLINS

Just Lie Flat

ARTS

CREATIVE DIRECTOR Pedro Inoue
ART DIRECTOR James Callaghan
ART ADVISOR GOG



**GO TO
THE MIRROR,
RIGHT NOW.**

Take off all your clothes.
Stand there until
the brain fog lifts.



The Zen poet Basho would say that this is partly an exercise in *muga*, or self-forgetting. You are forgetting who you used to be. What your culture demands you be.

At this moment you're not in any tribe. Not Left, not Right, not anything really. Just a human being caught naked in the flux of life. Ready for whatever comes next.



Thou shalt drop your
decadent, two-planet
lifestyle and lead a
messier, more forgiving
kind of life.



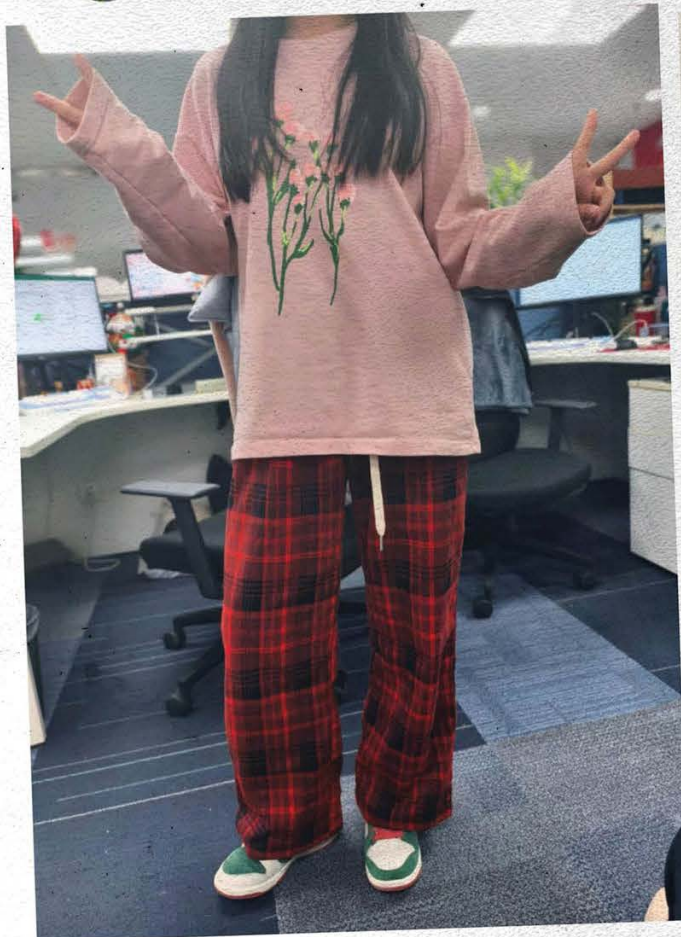
**THOU SHALT NOT
BUY MORE CLOTHES**

<  快乐小狗阿红

Follow

<  故里莫

Follow



A young spirit of China is stirring, screaming for expression within that stifling regime.

GROSS FASHION!



Mismatched shit from your own closet, proudly worn into meetings with the area bosses.

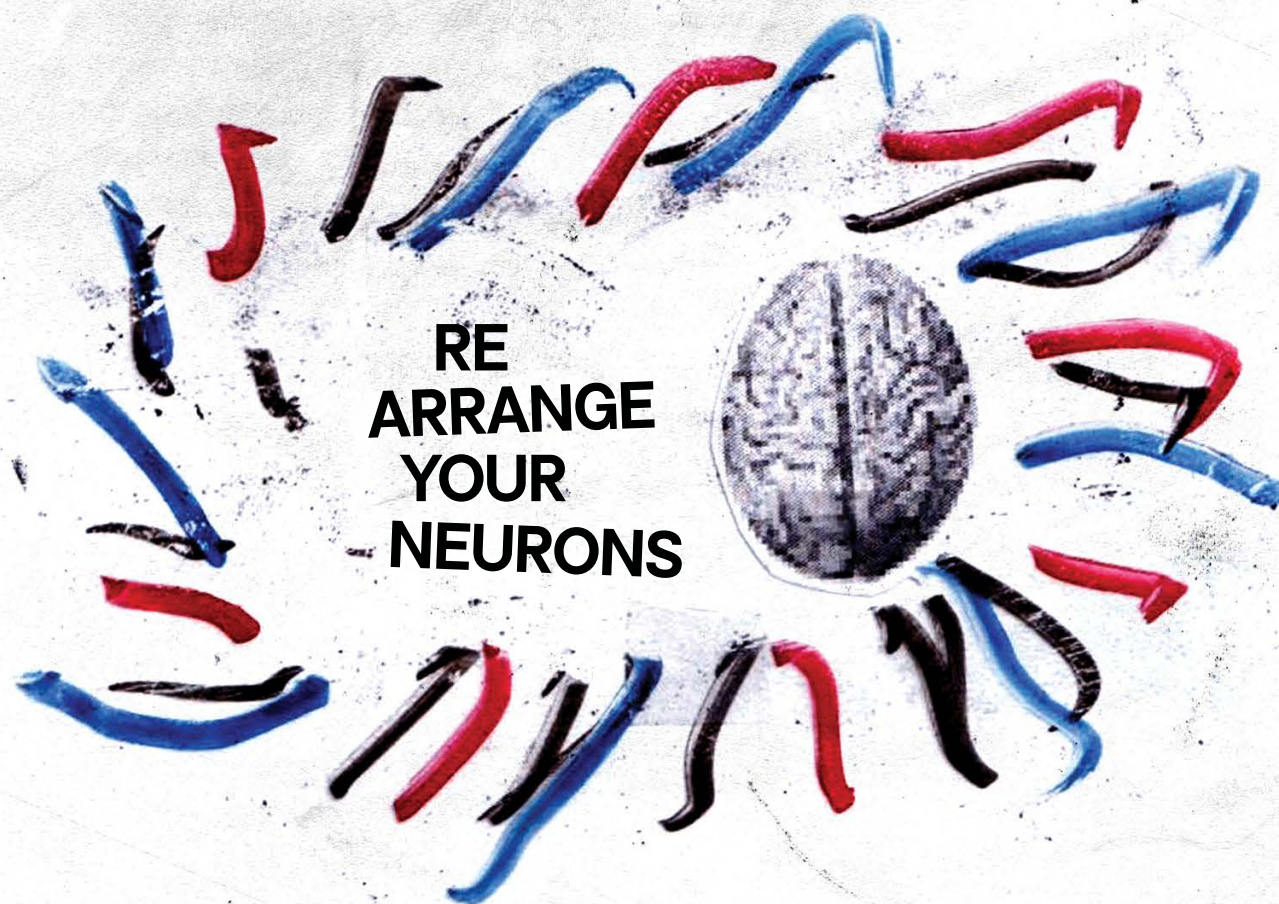
Could this be the antidote to the rat poison of Shein and its soulless fast-fashion cronies?

#grossoutfitforwork

Hey, maybe we can all jump on board ... a rebellious outcry from disillusioned Gen Z...

... an ugly sweater in the gears of the capitalist doomsday machine ... Yeah, baby, let's do this!

Thou shalt pry your
fingers off
your device.



Rise up
and crucify
the mindlords.

WEB

WEB WIZARD Marco van der Meer
SOCIAL SKALD William Davies
DATA DADDY Joey Malbon
META MEARCSTAPA Daniel Younger

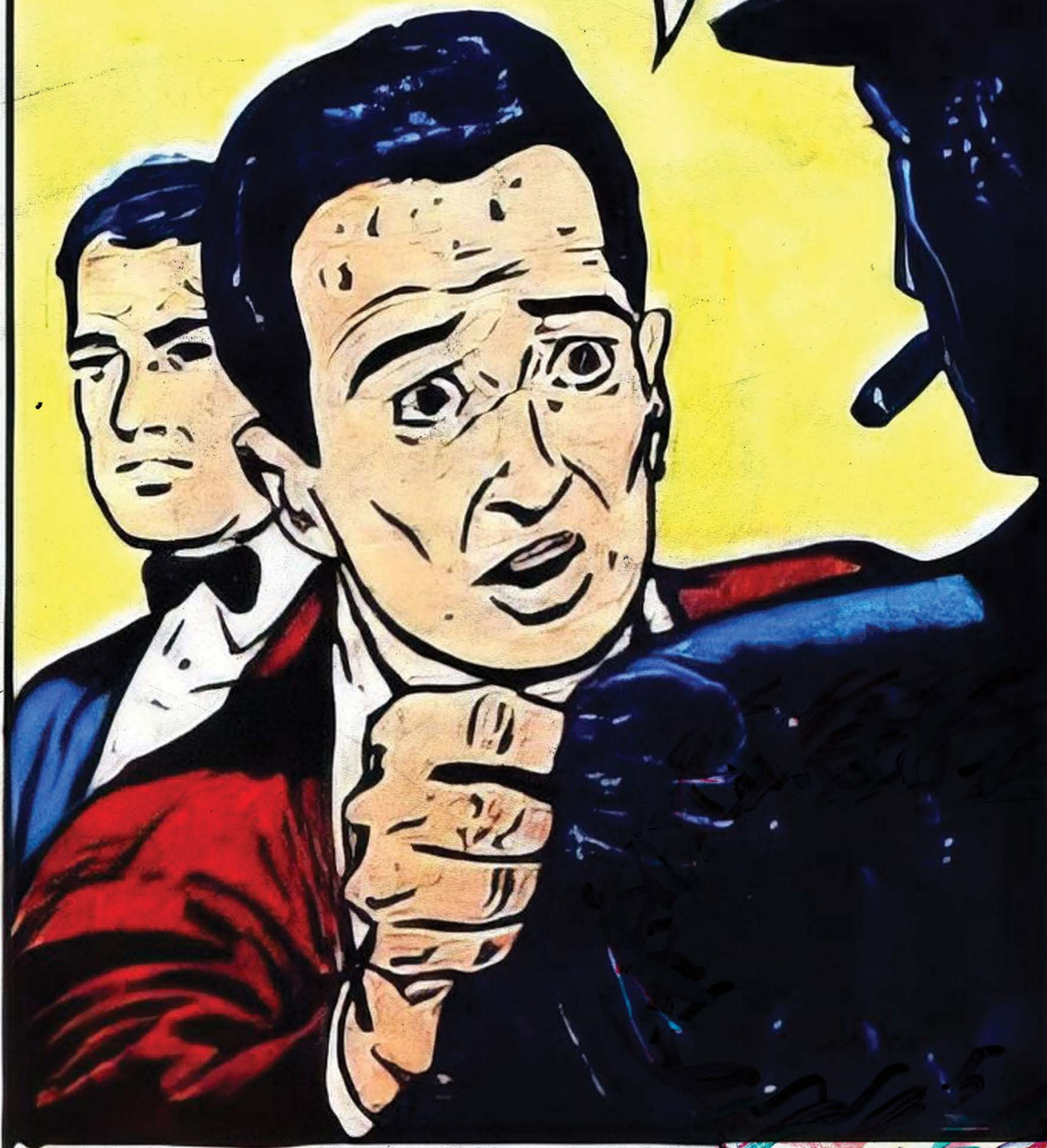


Once you mix commercialism
and communication
... accept surveillance
algorithms as the norm
— you're done. The error
compounds

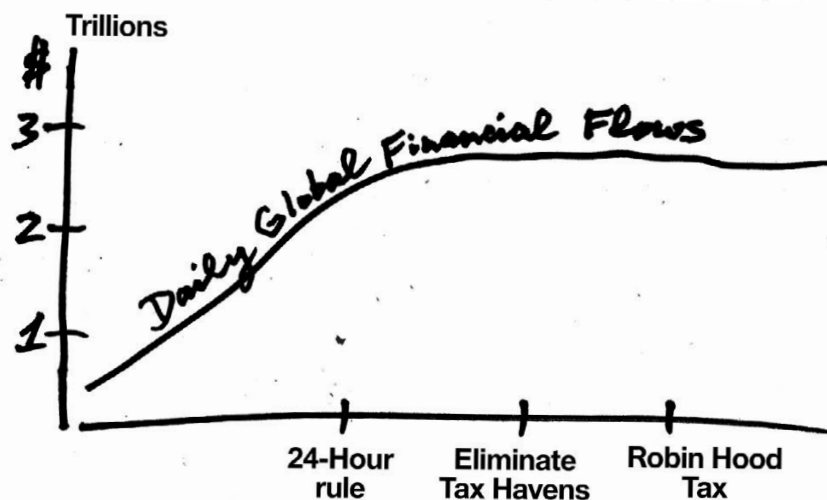
... it becomes a river choked
with logos and memes and
cookies and avatars and push
messages and influencers, all
bubbling along in one perfect
frictionless flow ... you slide
deeper and deeper into the
Heart of Darkness.



**...IT'S OUR POVERTY THAT
CREATES THEIR
WEALTH**



Thou shalt
flatten the
money curve.



We make it harder and harder for speculators to ply their unholy trade. We reduce the money sloshing around the internet every day from \$3-trillion to \$2-trillion to \$1-trillion . . . and then down to a modest \$500-million. Gradually, the flow of toxic money subsides and the flow of money that's doing honest work grows, until we reach financial herd immunity.

ULTIMATUM TO WORLD LEADERS:

get rid of tax havens by
the year's end or we the
people will crash your
crooked system!

Thou shalt squirm,
wriggle & slip out
of your political
straitjacket

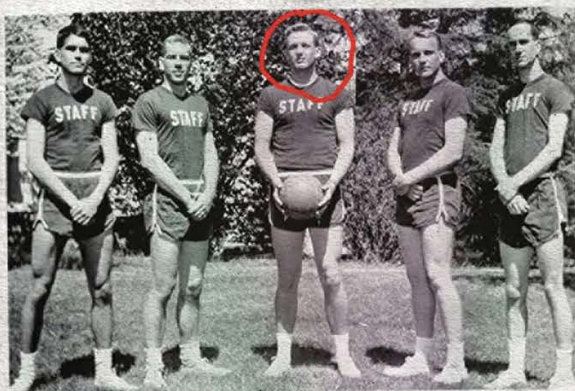
(leap over the old Left and Right)



drop a stink bomb at a
"Little Hitler" rally

MIND BOMB FOX NEWS

**DONALD DODGED
THE VIETNAM WAR
WITH A BOGUS
BONE-SPUR
DIAGNOSIS...**

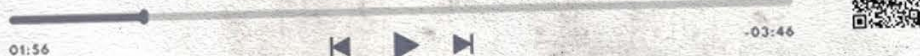


**THIS
30-SECOND
MINDBOMB**

**ON FOX NEWS,
FRIDAY AFTER FRIDAY
AFTER FRIDAY**

**UNTIL TUESDAY,
NOVEMBER 5, 2024.**

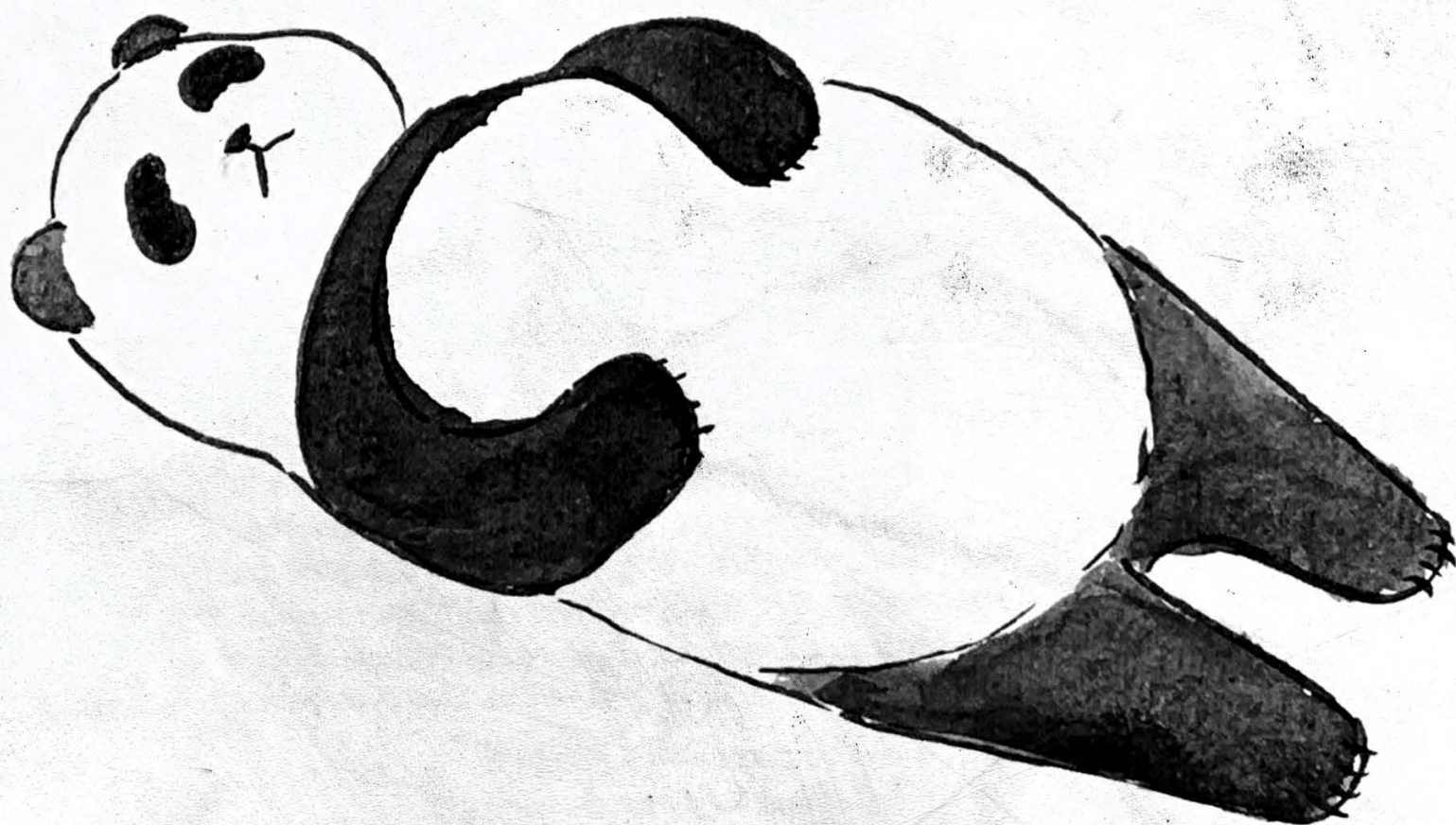
**DO YOU REALLY WANT
A LEADER
WHO DOESN'T HAVE THE
GUTS TO FIGHT
FOR HIS COUNTRY?**



**WE NEED \$1 MILLION
TO MAKE THIS WORK**

HELP US





Ming 06/22/2021

PULL OUT
THIS POSTER
AND WHACK IT
UP SOMEWHERE

**DO
NOTHING
DAY**



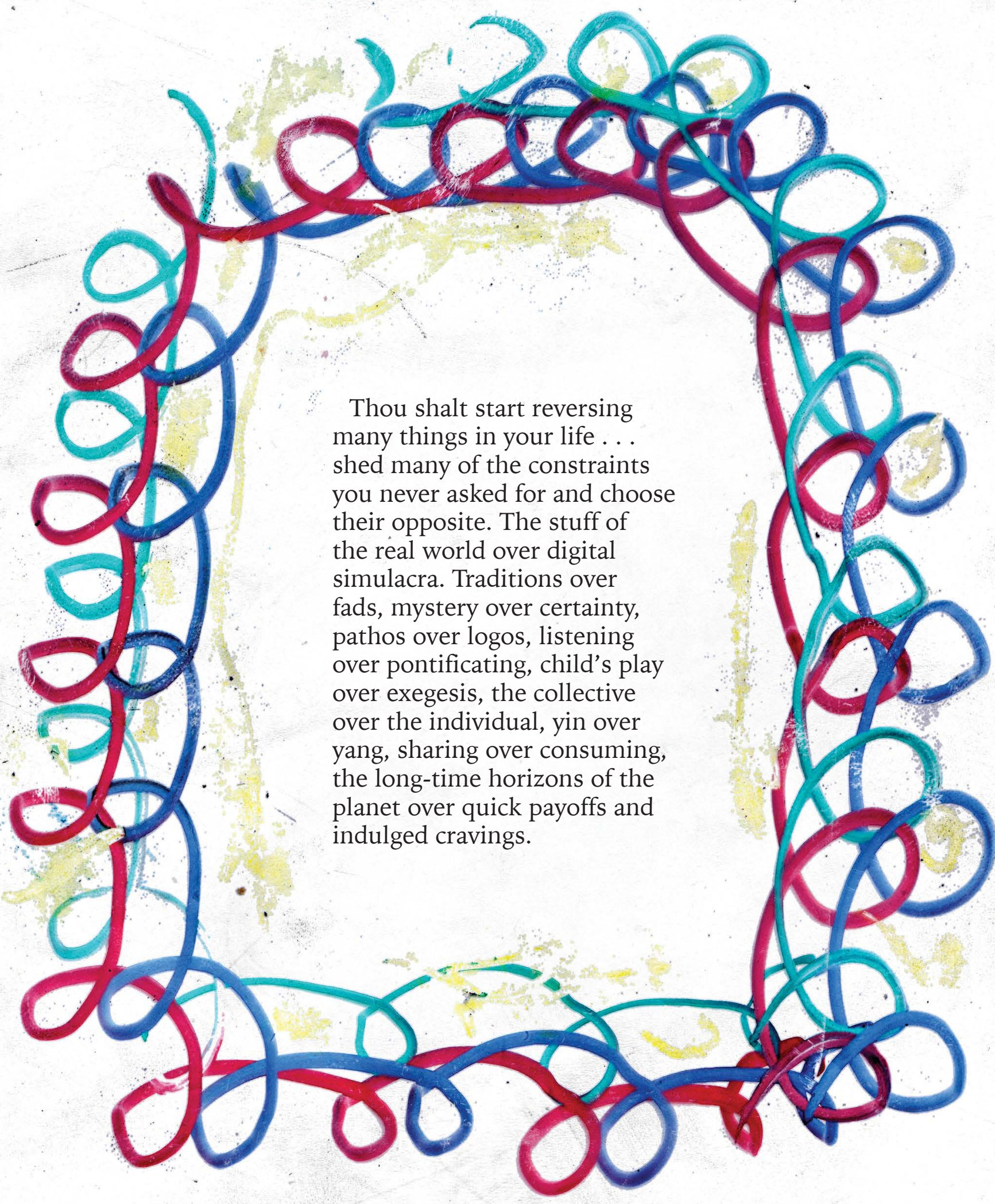


**EVERY FRIDAY
WE DITCH OUR DEVICES
AND DO NOTHING**

JOIN US



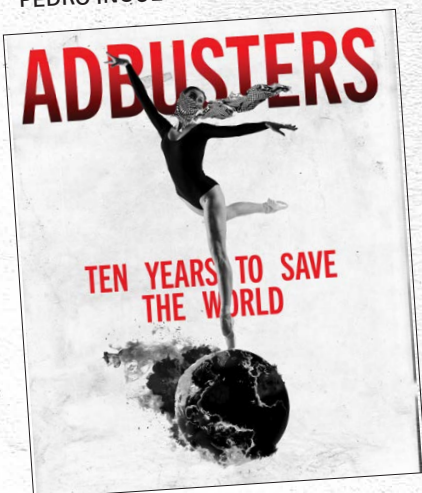




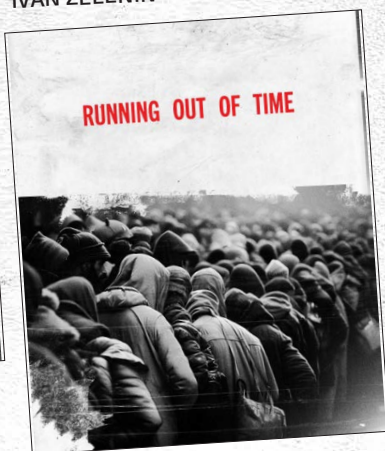
Thou shalt start reversing
many things in your life . . .
shed many of the constraints
you never asked for and choose
their opposite. The stuff of
the real world over digital
simulacra. Traditions over
fads, mystery over certainty,
pathos over logos, listening
over pontificating, child's play
over exegesis, the collective
over the individual, yin over
yang, sharing over consuming,
the long-time horizons of the
planet over quick payoffs and
indulged cravings.



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Thank you to 3TEETH for the use of the song 'Higher Than Death' for the 172 Adbusters launch video. Photo by Jim Louvau.

FROM THE STRATEGISTS WHO SPARKED
— OCCUPY WALL STREET —



MANIFESTO FOR WORLD REVOLUTION

Our world is failing.

Climate shocks are displacing millions.

Inequality is stoking massive unrest.

Genocidal wars are breaking out.

We may be heading for total global collapse.

But it doesn't have to be this way ...
this could also turn out to be the most exciting,
the most successful era in human history.

CHECK IT OUT HERE



ADOLESCENTS



MORE **USELESS**

Enter using this receipt

M local

Supermarkets plc BD3 7D1
Lancaster Marketgate : 01524 487645
Manager : Sarfaraz Essa

SHIT-ONCE

	AMOUNT
2 SPRING WATER	£0.92 £1.84 A
1 CADBURY WISPA	£1.09 £1.09 A
CARAMELS	£0.95 £0.95 A
	£3.88
	£4.00
CHANGE	£0.12
	4

AGAIN.

Number of items: 4

VAT NO. 343475955



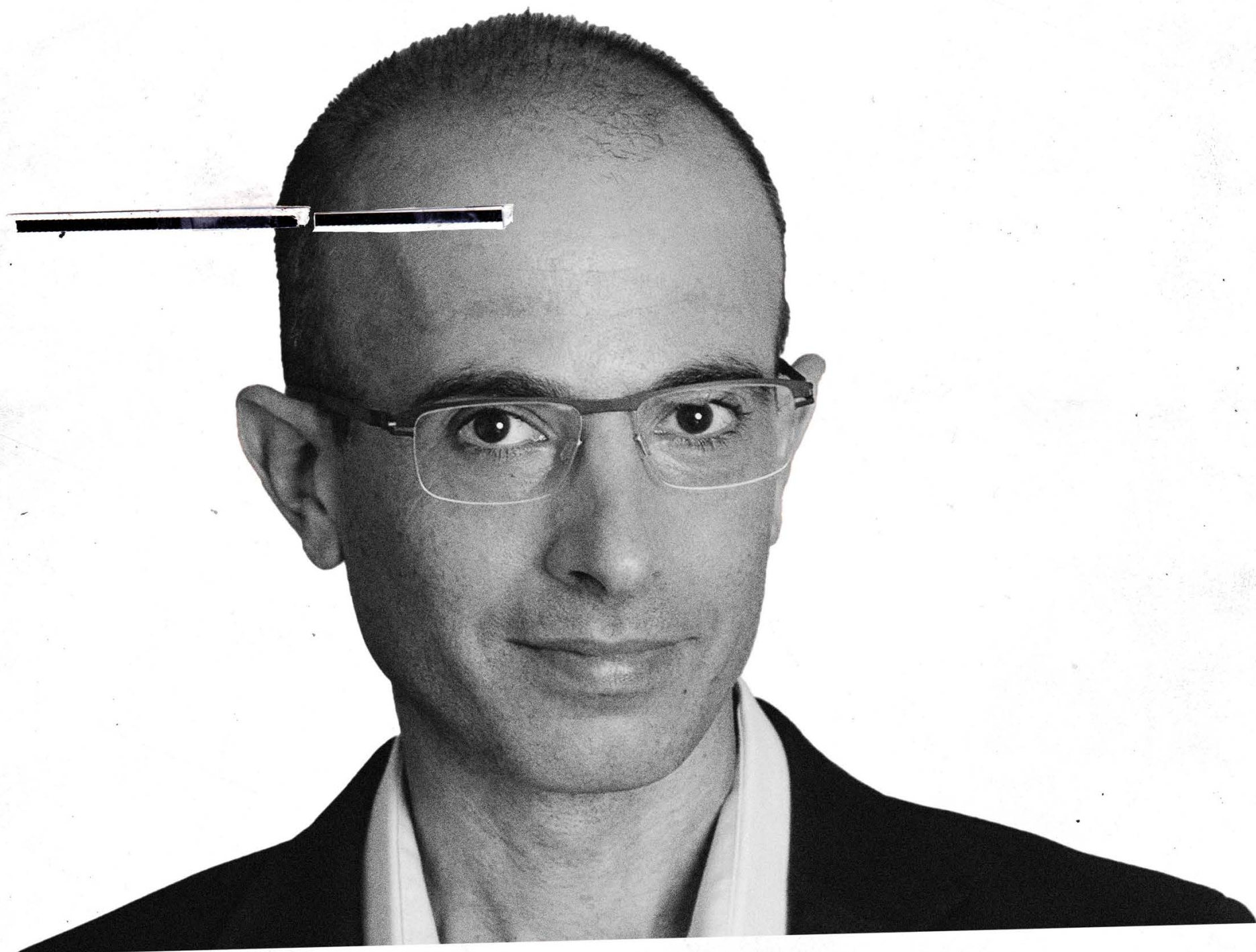
62006290020341

11/05/2014 16:56:12 00629 002 0341 0017
Thank you for shopping at Morrisons
Please call again
Please retain for your records



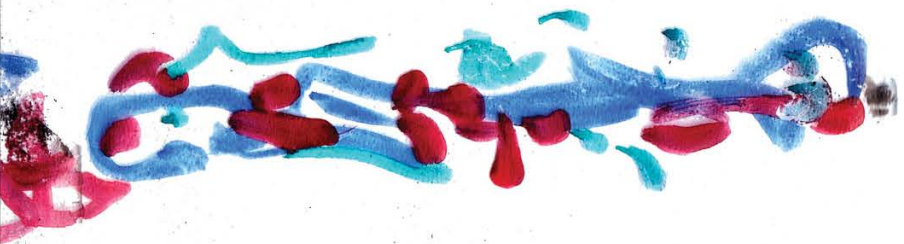
Should have gone with this cover?

The logic freaks and straight-line thinkers have had it their way for ages and all they have delivered is more of the same: more technology, more rationality, more consumption, more surveillance, more control.



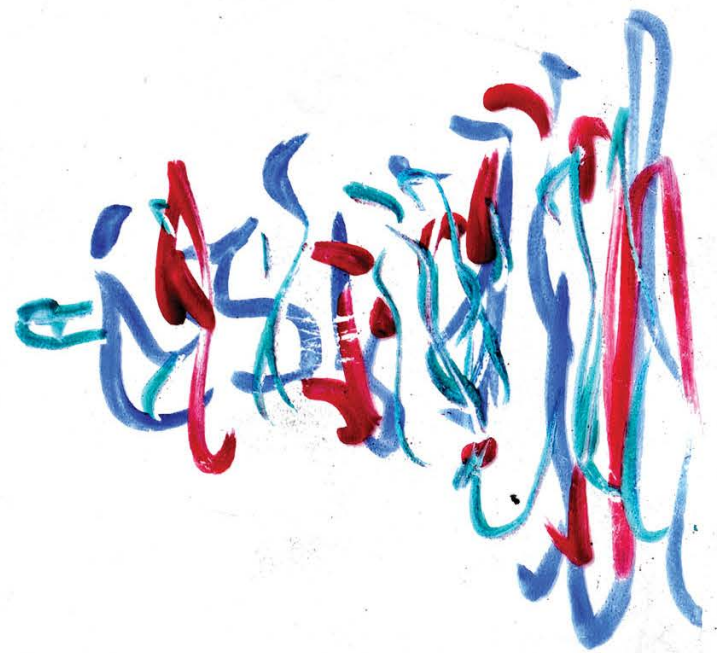






For people who want their
straight lines to be straight,
life itself is the problem.

— Natalia Ilyin



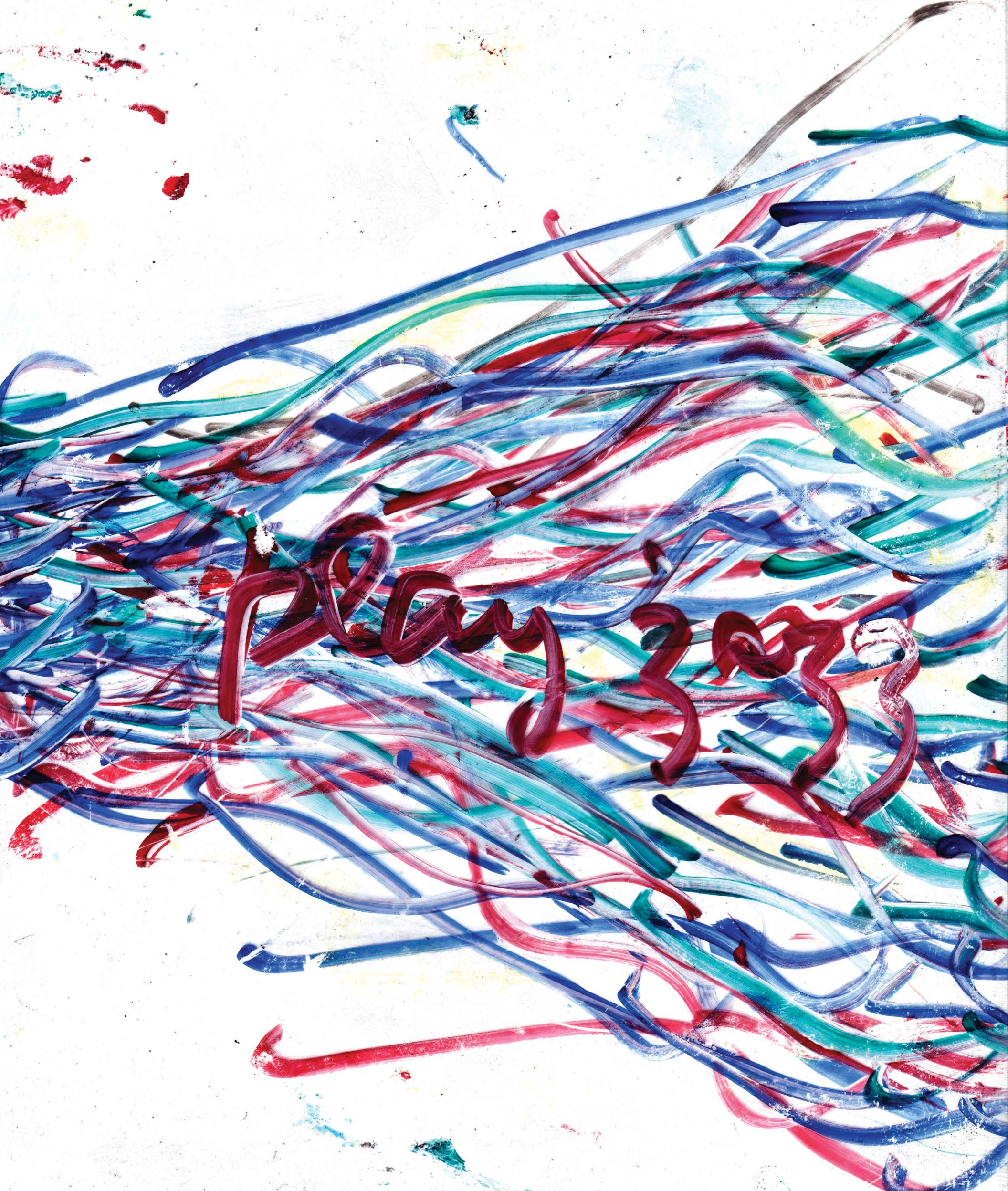


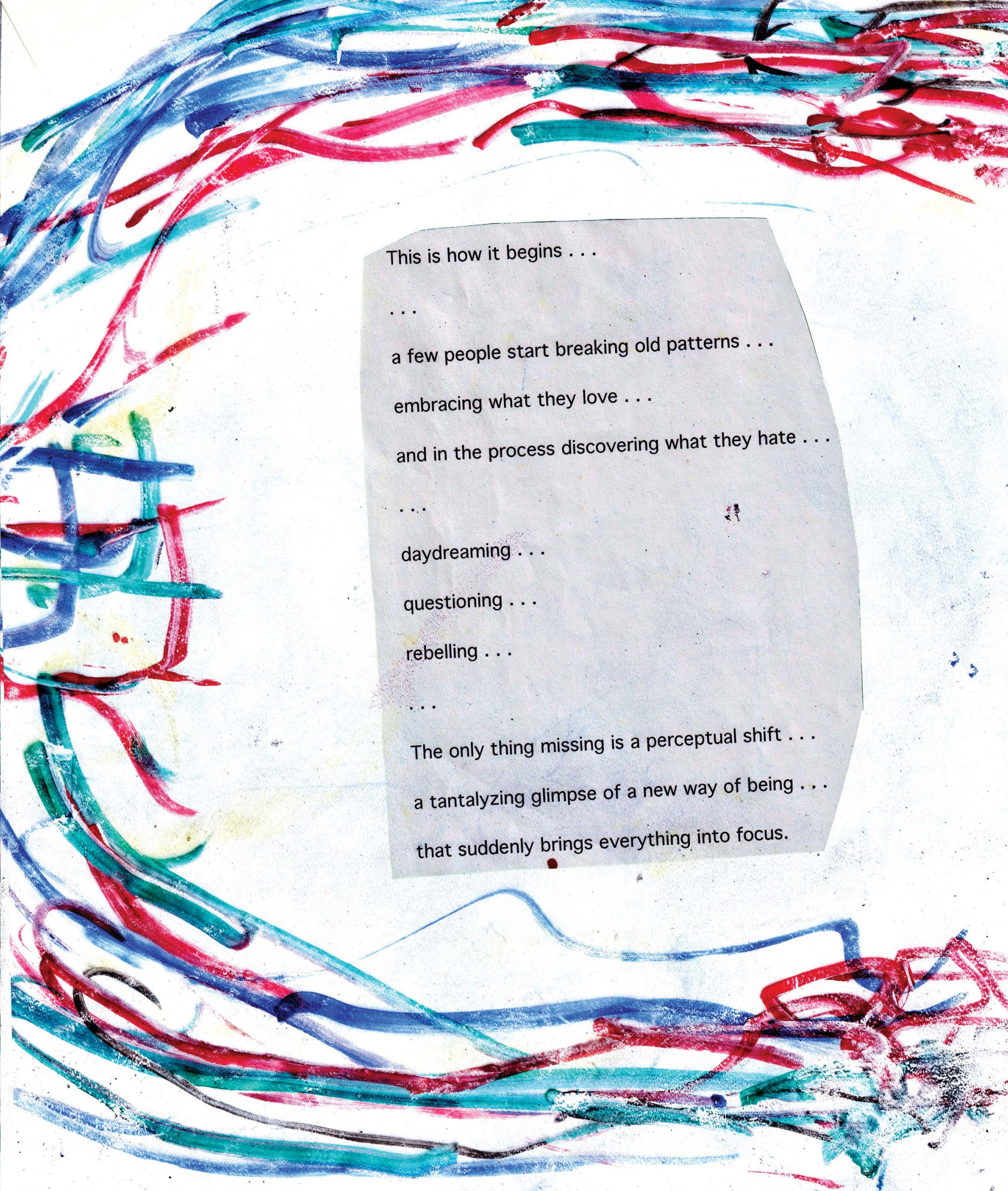
DAIDO MORIYAMA





Now suddenly, up from the greasy boiler room of the heart comes . . . a toneshift! Hyperrationality rolls over and a touch of divine insanity creeps in: To hell with straight line thinking — let's learn to wobble again!





This is how it begins . . .

. . .

a few people start breaking old patterns . . .

embracing what they love . . .

and in the process discovering what they hate . . .

. . .

daydreaming . . .

questioning . . .

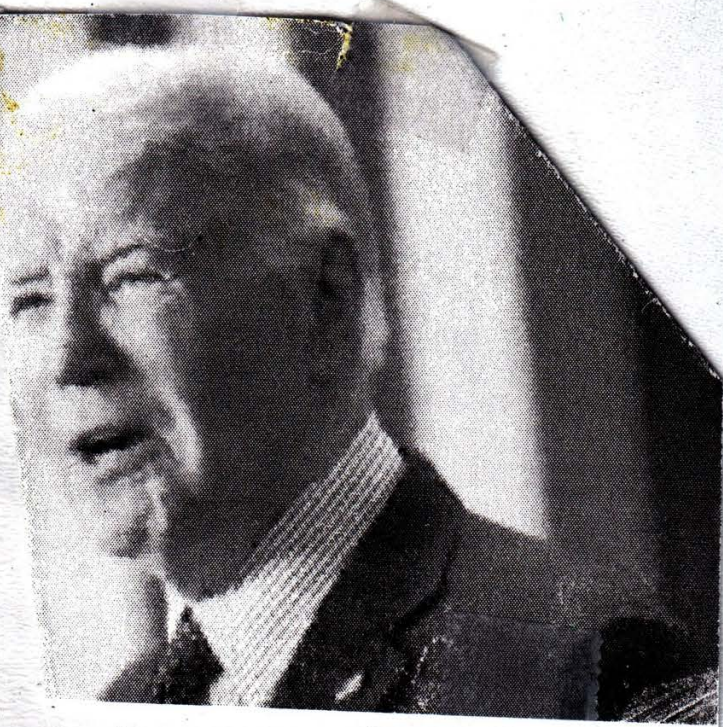
rebelling . . .

. . .

The only thing missing is a perceptual shift . . .

a tantalizing glimpse of a new way of being . . .

that suddenly brings everything into focus.



#FUCK IT ALL FRIDAYS

(we start calling
the shots from
below)



What's emerging now is not a movement of political parties or of governments; it's a movement of regular people, coalescing in cyberspace and pulling off big idea, metamemetic insurrections in the real world. It behaves uniquely and evolves organically. Within its many-chambered heart lies a secret so fucking dangerous and beautiful that it opens up all possibilities for governing ourselves in the future.









We create a new world by simply letting go . . .
cultivating a certain looseness of mind . . .

. . . opting for small rather than imposing things.

Muted colors.

Understatement instead of hyperbole.

Not the action but that pregnant moment
before the action.

We abandon the spectacle . . . and revel
instead in the intimacies of everyday life:
the touch of a lover, a chat with a bright-
eyed stranger, a quiet moment in the wild.

We activate mystical feelings of oneness
with nature!

We abandon our devices and learn to
have fun again. Just crazy, uninhibited fun.
(Where did that go?)



Maybe I'll hang a "noren"
in the living room . . .



bow my head
each time I enter.



I love my old jumper

my frayed shirt collars



Love your towel . . . give it a name . . . talk to it . . . rub your face in it day and night . . . when it starts to fray, don't ditch it . . . keep hugging it . . . let it grow old . . . watch it fall apart bit by bit . . . and then, one fine day when you know in your heart that the day has finally come . . . give it one last hug and compost it into your garden.



← my little
fomodachi

I spotted a little spider dashing across the floor.

My immediate reaction was, "Damn, I gotta squish this sucker — can't have creepy-crawlies nesting up in the house."

But then I squatted down and saw what it was up to.

It was looking for food . . . stopping every few seconds to sniff something out . . . Whenever I got too close, it panicked and scampered off for safety.

Suddenly, I liked this creature. In uncanny ways, it had so many of the same kind of sensibilities and survival instincts that I have.

So I thought what the hell, it's not doing any harm . . . why not share the house with it?

A two-state solution!

—KL



He couldn't stand straight lines and right angles, which aren't much found in nature. Things not made by *us* mostly curve. Nothing worthwhile is plum, level or square.

So observed Gaetano Pesce, the great Italian designer, who died at age 84.

From this man's brow burst organic, protoplasmic designs for things like bookcases and sofas, blazing with intense, saturated color.

One of them went supernova: the zaftig UP5 armchair, dubbed La Mama, was a shout-out to feminism. Women, he felt, are "victims of male prejudices and fears and stupidity." (As a young macho guy, he too was guilty of that same pig-headedness, he admitted, before he got knocked off that horse by a woman he adored.)

He kicked against a world the rest of us live in without giving it a second thought.

The design of modern cities appalled him. He chided the architects: what you've built is "the very image of non-freedom." In an exhibit for the Louvre, he made office towers out of meat, which gradually rotted until the stench became overpowering.

He started out nonlinear and just got gooier, until by the time he was in his eighties he was pretty much just liquid. "As liquid as time," he said.

Even his copies weren't copies.

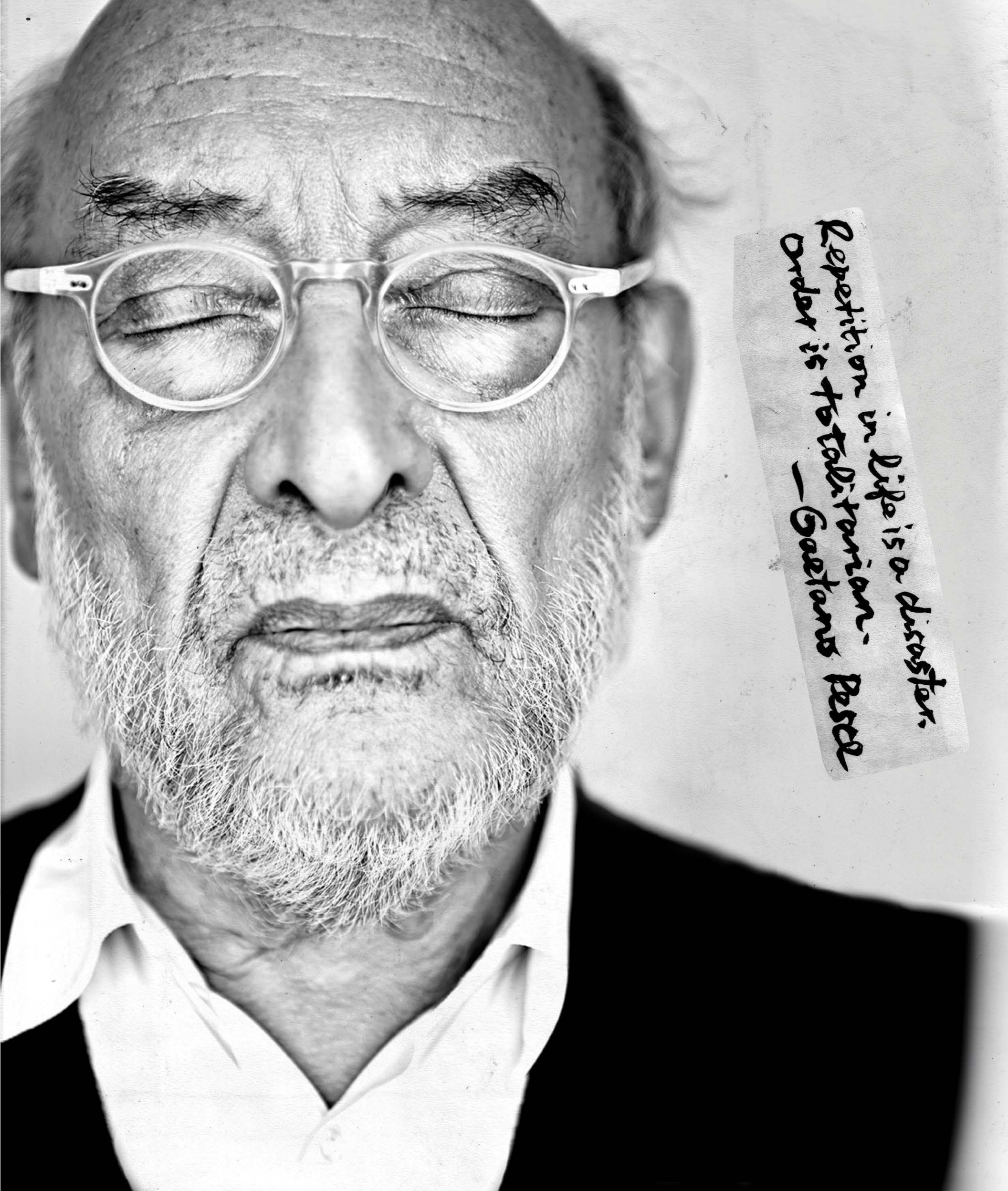
Pesce once made a series of chairs called Nobody's Perfect. He poured the resin himself. No two are alike. Nothing worthwhile is repeatable.

What Pesce was up to, mostly, was "counterdesign," as one gallery owner put it. Unpredictability drives the bus. He aspired to achieve a state of Complete Incoherence – which happens to be the name of his biography.

There's really no categorizing Pesce's work. The only thing that binds it all is a feeling, akin maybe to Werner Herzog's "ecstatic truth."

"Come to him wanting a flower vase, and he will give you suffering and pain and the joy of broken bondage," the art critic Glenn Adamson, his Boswell, wrote. "He will give you agony and ecstasy These are big ideas, too big for history as the ancients knew..."

Adamson dubbed Pesce "The Prince of Disorder."



Repetition in life is a disaster.
Order is totalitarian.
— Gaetano Pesta

In the '60s, young in his career, Pesce staged a piece of performance art. He advertised that everyone who attended would get a "free portrait." Tons of people showed up. Pesce was as good as his word – kind of. Organizers passed around a mirror.

"His work can best be understood in terms of flow, without origin nor destination: just raw energy, newly configured in each moment," Adamson said.

Rationalism didn't really compute for him. Pesce's work, Adamson said, "shows you the violence that logic can do to an instinctive human being."

Pesce said it many times: "I bore easily." Yes: he bores easily right into the skulls of folks who are captive to the straight line.

"He posits wholly new ways of living just to see what that might look like," Adamson said.

Pesce's death leaves a troubling void. Solving the world's problems is going to take his kind of divergent thinking.

Rene Girard said humans are constantly looking for people they can copy. But a truly original mind doesn't work like that. It's not looking to tribe up among "people like me" ... instead, it seeks out difference. It craves it, the way sailors long at sea crave limes – like it's a missing, life-saving nutrient in your diet.

"If we are the same, we cannot talk, because there is nothing to say," Pesce told a journalist in 2022. "But if you and I are different, there's a lot to exchange."

That is how the Third Force is going to work, out there in the world. People from different backgrounds, different politics, different strata, are going to come together in the common cause of keeping power in check, keeping the world honest ... It's that idea – call it intellectual humility – that says, 'You don't agree with me? Well *now* ... we're talking.'

That means the Third Force is going to be cutting against the current of the way life is organized now, in the digisphere. Social media pushes together people who think alike. The Third Force works exactly the opposite way. It's the ingredient we've been waiting for to confound the algorithms.

People whose opinion about something cannot be predicted by their opinions about other things – that is the sign of a truly independent mind.

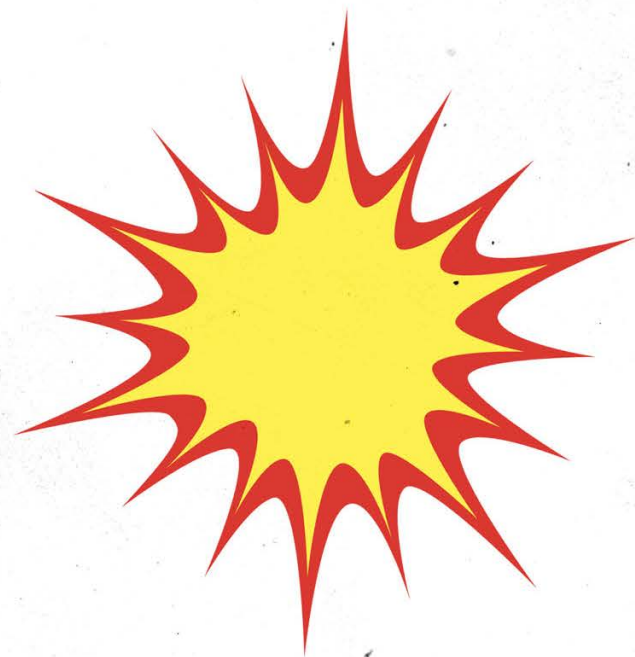
And true artists will hold greater and greater sway. Because they are the ones still standing as the bots cut down the poppy fields.

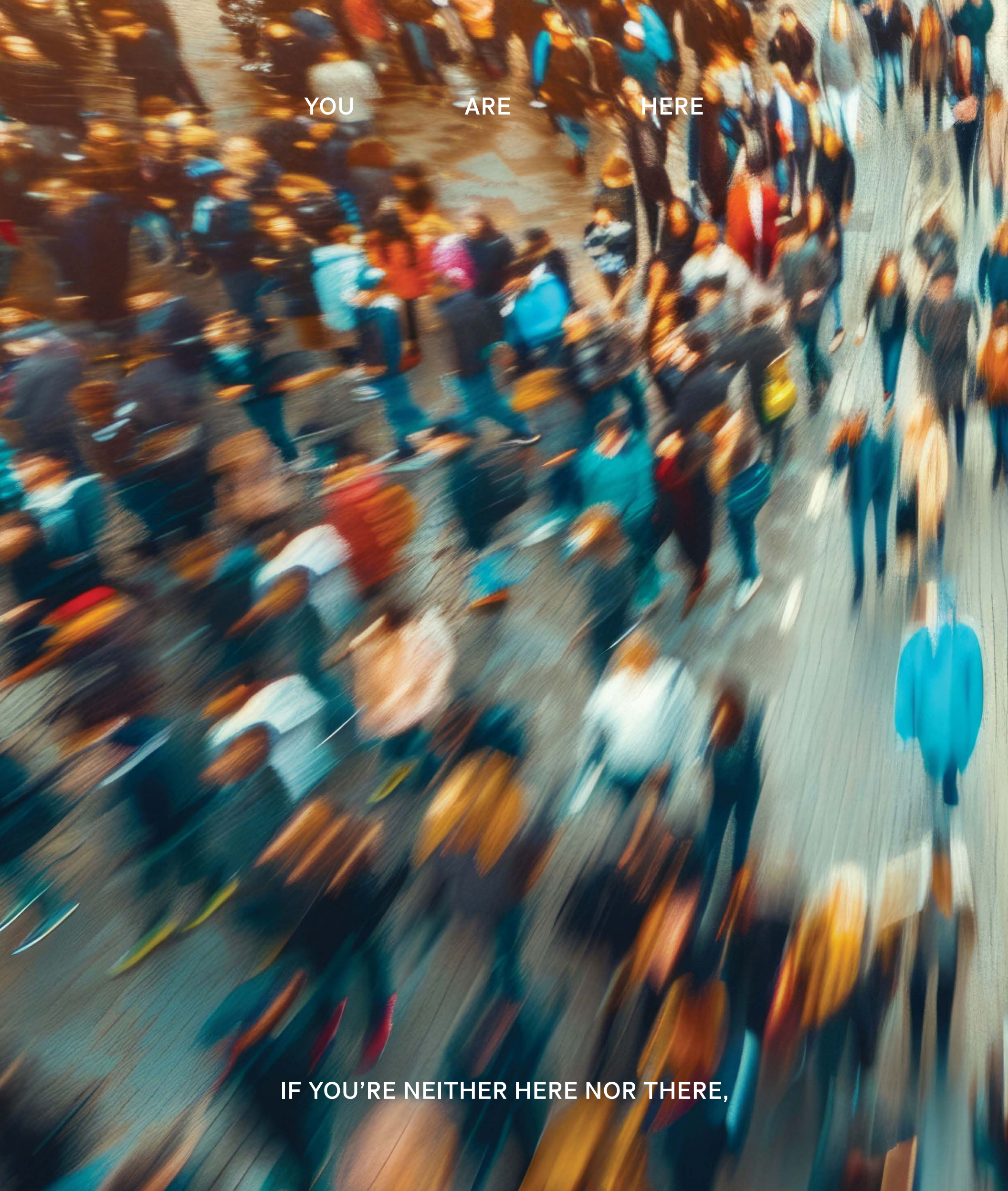
– Harry Flood



. If you look at all the mega breakthroughs that have happened throughout human history, what have they actually been?

It was Buddha peeking through a hole in the wall and getting a glimpse of the real world outside . . . it was Sesshu meditating for years and then putting all his power into one incredible stroke of the brush . . . it was Jesus dying for our sins and promising us life everlasting . . . and now . . . ?



A high-angle, blurred photograph of a large crowd of people walking on a sidewalk. The motion blur creates a sense of a busy, crowded environment. The colors of the clothing are muted and blended together. The text 'YOU ARE HERE' is overlaid in white, sans-serif capital letters at the top center.

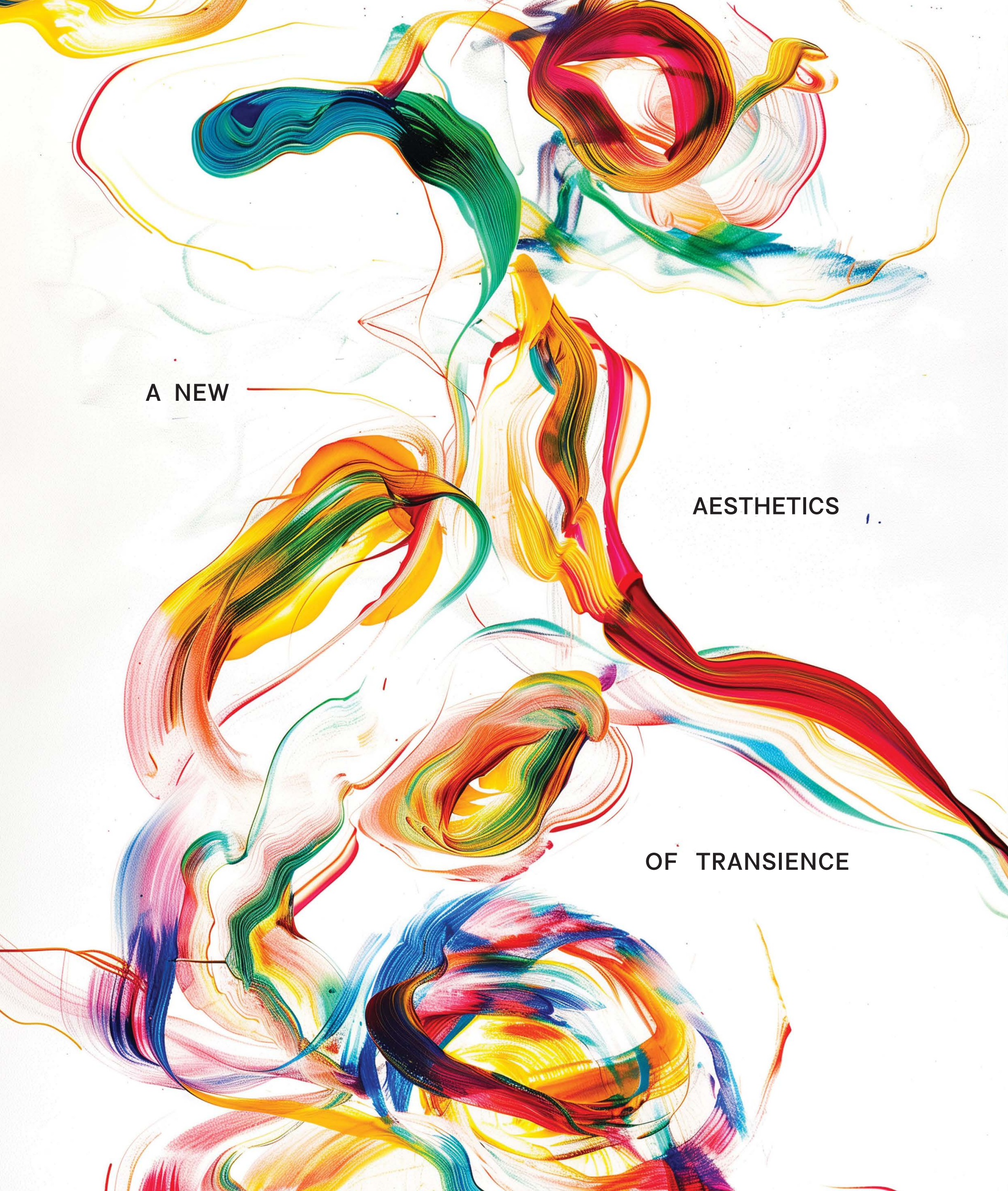
YOU ARE HERE

IF YOU'RE NEITHER HERE NOR THERE,



YOU ARE HERE

YOU AREN'T REALLY ANYWHERE

The background of the entire page is composed of numerous overlapping, fluid, and expressive brushstrokes in a wide array of colors including red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple. These strokes create a sense of movement and depth, with some areas appearing more saturated than others. The text is overlaid on this abstract composition.

A NEW

AESTHETICS

OF TRANSIENCE



PLAY

JAZZ

In this world of constant noise and distraction, it's easy to lose sight of our true selves. Many of us wander through life as lost souls, disconnected from their innermost being, swept away by the currents of external influence. Yet, amid the chaos, there remains a flicker of hope — a beacon of light in the darkness.

Human connection, the profound bond that unites us all. Through genuine connection, we transcend the barriers erected by society and reclaim our autonomy. It is through the exchange of empathy, compassion, and understanding that we break free from the chains of manipulation, forging a path towards authenticity and self-discovery.

— Christian Zitney





ONLY

CONNECT

Inventing a new way to live, one that will allow us, as a species, to go on living, is what economists call a “wild problem.” It will take a mighty imaginative leap, really a heave of consciousness. But we can do it. We have to.

*It's easier to imagine the end of the world
than the end of capitalism.*
— Frederic Jameson

I. The Task

The time for tiny tweaks to the status quo is over. We've run out of time for that. The only thing that will save us is massive buy-in to a major paradigm shift, a different way of living and loving on planet Earth. A lighter, looser, sparer one. More, because less.

*

Here's how people typically change their minds. They do it the way a climber scales a rock face, inching out beyond the last point of protection — so that if they fall, they fall only as far as what they last believed.

Our rethinks are not big stretches, in other words. Just variations on what we think right now.

So it's worth asking: in the year 2024, are humans actually able to throw over the side a lifestyle we've been raised to think is somehow our birth right? Are we capable of making a leap like that?

“It's just the way things are.”

There are lots of things in life we never really give a second thought to. We do it this way because, well, that's all we've ever known. We assume that wiser heads than ours put it all in place.

Of course that's often bullshit.

There's a story about a beloved family recipe for pot roast. One evening it's served at a dinner party, and a satisfied guest asks for the recipe. A week later they call the host. “Thanks, tasted great, but I'm curious: Why this step: ‘Slice off both ends of the roast before putting it in the pan.’” Host goes, “Huh. I dunno. That's just the way mom did it.” So she calls up mom. Mom says: “Huh. I dunno: That's just the way grandma did it.” Turns out grandma only had one roasting pan, and it was too short for the whole roast — so you had to cut the ends off. Over the generations the pans changed but the ritual didn't. No one thought to question it.

(Primo Levi tells a similar story in his memoir *The Periodic Table*. He was working in a varnish factory and was puzzled why every vat of varnish contained an onion. As a chemist, he was curious. What was up with that? It's just part of the recipe, he was told. You need an onion to make varnish. Turns out you don't need an onion to make varnish. It was in there to test the temperature. When the varnish was up to temp, you'd smell the onion frying.)

It's stupid to keep mindlessly doing things when you don't understand why they're being done. Because what you're doing may not be as trivial as these examples.

One of the things we keep doing mindlessly is neoliberalism.



Because that's all many of us have known. "*We submitted ourselves to this scenario*," as the poet Yung Pueblo put it, thinking it was the recipe for freedom. And we never really looked critically at it again. Even as it was turning us against each other, and most of us were slowly kind of becoming the opposite of free.

So now you ask yourself: What else am I mindlessly taking for granted?

The green-energy revolution will magically science us out of global warming.

Our leaders know what they're doing.

Global democracy is safe, it will prevail.

Here's another fiction many of us are holding on to: massive, seismic systemic change is not something that can happen in our lifetimes.

We know that major disruptions *have* happened, but these are events far away in time and place ... when circumstances were different, power structures fragile enough to topple, etc. It's hard to accept that such an event might be coming for us. It's a bit like allowing we could be in a fatal car crash tomorrow. At some level we know it's possible. But we kind of refuse to ... let it land.

There are places our minds just do not want to go.

Because: fear.

There's a quote by Mark Fisher that you hear a lot. It's basically Frederick Jameson's with a twist:

It's easier to imagine the end of capitalism than what comes after.

It's that "what comes after" that's crazy-making. What IS on the other side of this consumer-capitalist experiment? Chaos? Anarchy?

Or worse (gasp): socialism.

The examples of socialism that pop to mind are disastrous distortions of a workable template, totalitarian Leftist states with tyrants at the helm (Mao, Stalin, Pol Pot), and catastrophic suffering the by-product. This alternative to capitalism just seems evil. For many Americans, trying to imagine a kind of democratic socialism that works ... well, it's just about impossible. There are no hand holds on that rock face.

II. "Wild Problems"

Would we be better off if we dumped capitalism? That is what economists call a "wild problem."

Wild problems are ones we have no real idea of how to think about. We can't get our minds around them because we've never encountered them before. There's no playbook. There's no way to PROVE which decision is the right one. No straight-line analysis is going to cut it. No experts are standing by to settle the matter. Rationality can't help you; it may in fact hurt you. You can't logic out a wild problem. When you try, you just end up looking ridiculous.

In the archive of Charles Darwin's papers is a hilarious account of him trying to decide whether to get married. He drew up a cost-benefit analysis. "His list of pluses and minuses — especially the pluses — is the list that someone would make who has never been married and has no access to the upside of the inner life of a married man," as the economist Russ Roberts put it in his book *Wild Problems*. (minuses: "degradation!" Pluses: "chitchat") So "each fork of the decision was a mystery."

What we're talking about here is judgment calls. There's no right answer AND the stakes are high.

These are the decisions that define us as humans.

III. Setting the Course

We don't know exactly what this new way of life we're going to need to adopt will look like. So if we don't know where we're going how do we proceed?

By setting the co-ordinates of *the way we want to feel*. Free. Calm. Interconnected. Part of something bigger than ourselves.

How do we build a world where everyone gets a shot at qualities like that?

In the arena of wild problems, we are, each of us, in a sense, on our own. All we have to navigate by is our own morals – what the Duke political scientist Mike Munger calls our “metaprinciples.” These are the sum total of wisdom gained through every decision we've ever made, and the feedback we've taken to make adjustments that feel right.

Most people would call it “doing the right thing.” Not overthinking it, just doing it.

In the case of this new way to live that we're trying to build, we might intuit that it's putting the brakes on greed and gluttony and metastatic growth. It means sucking it up and sacrificing, to keep the circle whole for the children of our children.

We intuit that there is a game within the game, here, and this one has no formal rules, no timeline and no judge. It is the real game, and it is governed by rules of the human heart.

Our only guide is our intuition.

Intuition is actually a powerful operating system. It was wired into us by evolution. “Evolution selected for making the right choices, or at a minimum not making bad choices,” as Munger puts it. “The feeling that something is just right, or is just wrong, even if you can't say why, cannot be dismissed.”

Intuition runs on emotion. And in the end, it's emotion, not facts, that changes human minds en masse.

In the 1970s, as acid rain became a phenomenon of growing concern Friends of the Earth bought a billboard in Times Square, and covered it with litmus paper. After a rainy spell, the billboard turned blood red. It was a holy-crap moment. Up till that moment acid rain was an abstract idea that most people were arms-length from. Now it was real. Many look back on that as a hinge-point for environmentalists. Many people already knew the facts; now they felt the truth of it in their bones.

So this is the case for saying, in effect, fuck it, *I know* that this shift to a new way of living is the right thing to do. I have surmised it, based on everything I've heard, and lived, and read, and is now bubbling up within me. And I hope and trust that I'm not alone in this. That others are coming to the same conclusion.

IV. The Tipping Point

In any social system there eventually comes a point when a critical mass of people kind of “get it,” all that the same time. It can happen at a result of what economists call an “information cascade.” A bunch of people were quietly sitting on their private feelings that something here is messed up. They didn't act on those feelings because they thought they were the only ones feeling them.

But then they discover that they're in fact NOT alone, that tons of people feel the way they do. And this confirmation, this *social proof*, wrenches from a whole population a collective aha. Suddenly, private

knowledge (something everyone “knows” but has been too timid to say) becomes public knowledge, an accepted TRUTH. The guileless kid pipes up: Hey, the king’s naked! That is how the murderous authoritarian tyrant is finally deposed. Or a system that everyone went along with, but nobody believed was working anymore, is overturned.

What we’re talking about here is a leap of faith ... at scale.

Until recently, any form of socialism was anathema to the vast majority of people in America and other wealthy nations. Even the word made folks uneasy. It was simply beyond the pale, a nonstarter. Then the pandemic hit, and as governments opened their emergency kitties, many of these same people got their first taste of elements of socialism: generous unemployment insurance, moratoriums on evictions, monthly cheques that amounted to a universal basic income. *This* was hardly the boogeyman of folks’ imaginings. There was no jackboot authoritarianism, no dreary command-economy chokehold. This didn’t feel stifling. It felt ... fair. And right.

This is how minds are changed. An idea too wild to engage with gets a toehold in the collective psyche. And a little crack opens in people’s defenses.

What happens next matters hugely.

What happens next, as the Japanese economist Kohei Saito puts it, is you turn the dial. You promote modest little changes like living in a small apartment rather than a big, drafty house. Like taking the bus. Cutting back on air travel. Stopping ordering “fundamentally useless things” online. Working less. Walking more. Getting to know your neighbors.

Multiply these actions by block and city, then notch them up to the levels of industry and state, Saito says. Tax the rich. “Steer capital toward home care and nursing homes, not arms manufacturing. Give subsidies and water to local farms, not Big Ag. Make neighborhoods dense and walkable and dependent on public transit. Destroy the G.D.P. and the World Trade Organization, which has stifled climate-change action plans based on the argument that they violate free trade.”

Now that you’re genuinely entertaining an alternative, you can see the cracks in the one you had thought was inviolable. Neoliberalism. Which “venerates the logic of the market and strips away the things that make us human.”

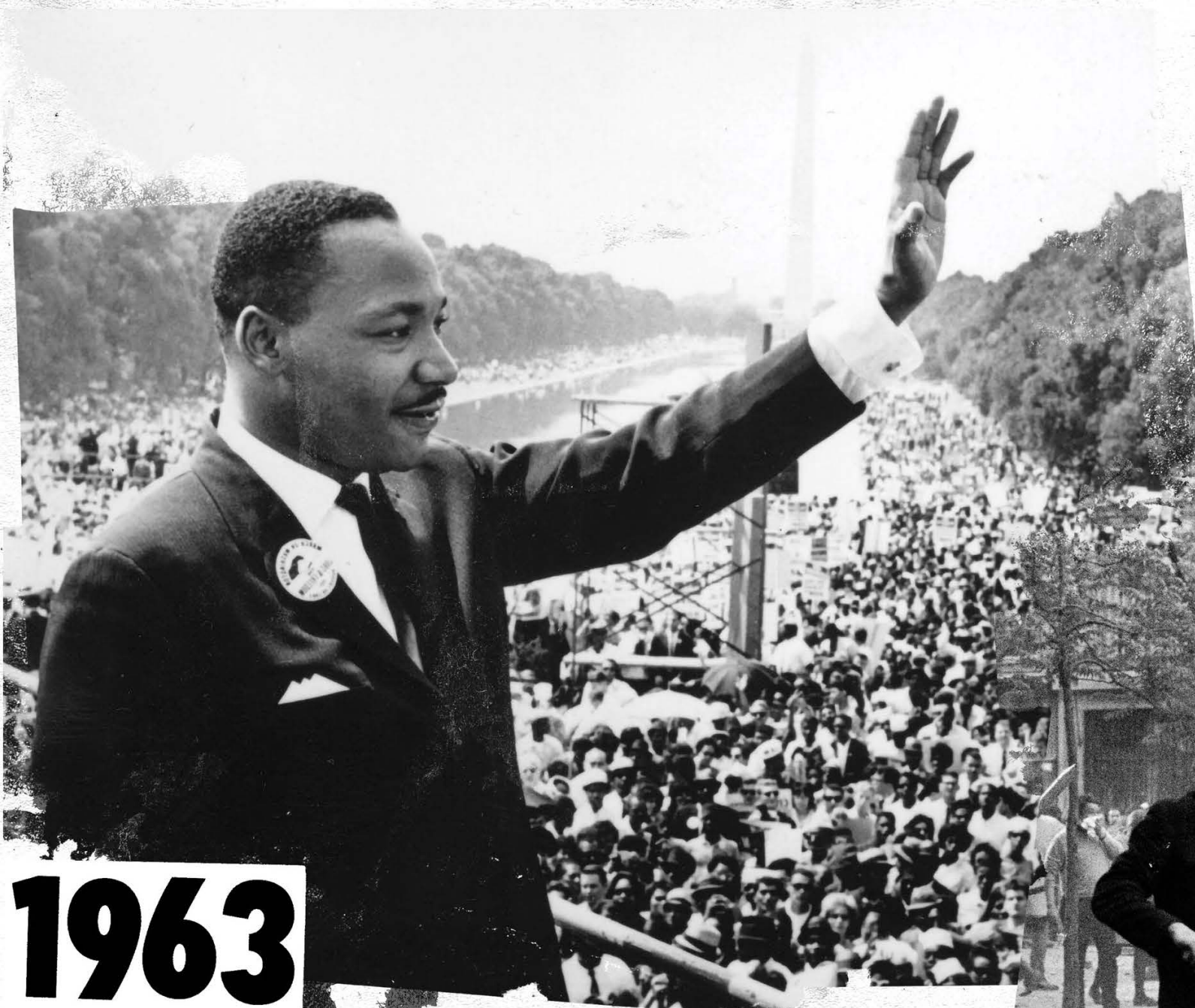
We may not be able to fully grok a wild problem like the one we’re facing. But we can learn to feel our way in the dark.

The required shift here is from unfettered capitalism to something closer to democratic socialism; but this isn’t really about politics. The required shift is from endless growth to a steady-state equilibrium; but this isn’t about economics. No, what’s being asked of us is much more intimate. This is a spiritual moment in the life of Earthlings. The transition from hoarding to sharing. From “I” to we.”

From *What is my birthright?* to *What is my duty?*

Are you ready?

– Harry Flood



1963



1990



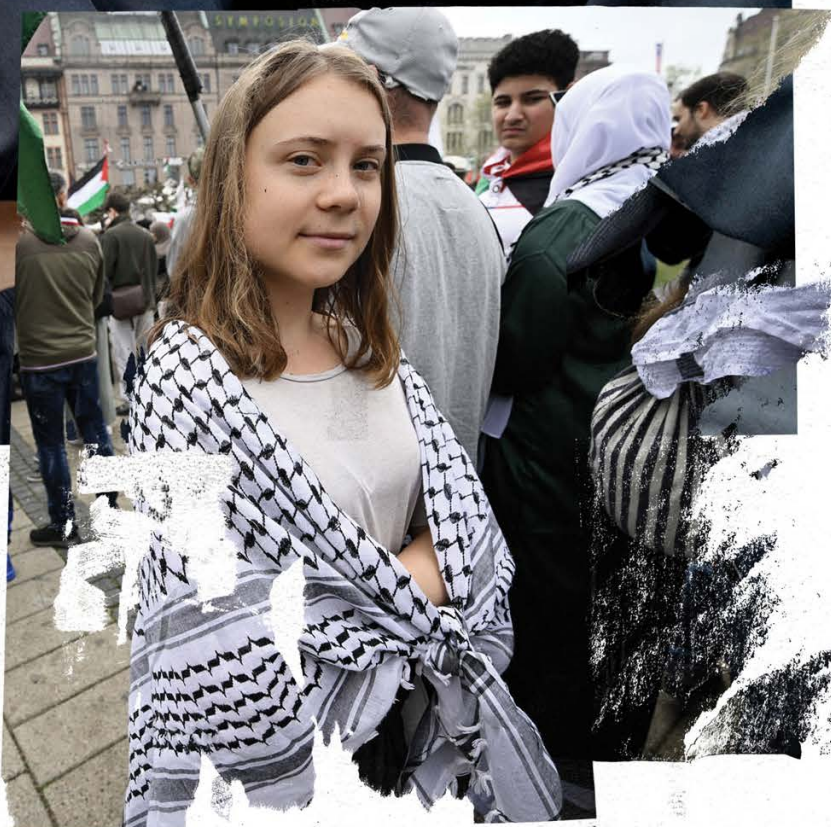
1968







2024



LET'S EAT THE WHOLE ENCHILADA

Alright, you redeemers, rebels and radicals out there,

Free Palestine has struck a nerve. This is one of those rare moments when, across the globe, people find themselves aligned against some nakedly obvious injustice that just cannot stand.

It's 1968 all over again!

Back then, my generation linked arms in fury against the Vietnam War. Then came MLK, Stonewall, Mandela. Followed later by #Occupy Wall Street, #Me Too and #Black Lives Matter. These moments are magic. The action window is brief.

What's our move?

If you believe as I do that the stakes have never been higher — that we're spiraling into darkness, with only a few years left to save ourselves — then we must morph into a total fuck-it-all mode right now. We must shake up the web and take on all the institutions of the old-world order . . . eat the whole fucking enchilada . . .

Have a crack at total world revolution.

The trick is to not fall into the Left/Right trap that has bedeviled us for centuries. This time, let's ditch the dogmatic playbooks *of both sides*.

Fuck the Left! Fuck the Right!

Let's come up with a powerful new geopolitics — a true people's government where individual voices matter and are heard.

Around here we call it *The Third Force*.

Doesn't matter what you call it. Just rev up your revolutionary imagination and let's get cracking.

— Kalle Lasn

Read the
*Manifesto
For World
Revolution*
book here



Join the
*Third Force
Collective*
here





At the most precise moment in history when it seemed a completely mechanical, vertical and isolated form of existence, the Gaza genocide has sparked a long-forgotten truth: that we (the people) are creatures of community; that we only find true joy and meaning in connecting with other people. That we cannot be happy when others around us suffer. Palestine is an actual and concrete struggle but it is also, and crucially so, an instrument of philosophical liberation of universal importance.

And these kids are holding onto it as a buoy, so as not to drown in an ocean of cold and meaningless rituals that have no resonance with the human soul: be born, learn a craft, accumulate material things, obey the system, have a family, die. They don't want it. They looked into their screens and there they found life, and what it really means. They want Palestinians to stop being mass murdered, displaced, and dehumanized, and they want the same thing for themselves. They want to feel human, and they reject the system that tries so desperately to humiliate, denigrate, and dismantle them. The Palestinian Revolution may yet prove to be more consequential than the French one.

— Alon Mizrahi

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Love is storming, love is a boat, traveling to
nowhere in falling words I float. In heavy fog
I lift you in praise and glory, writing by hand
another beautiful story. Don't really know
you but oh this is fun, etching psalms and
arias under two suns. One day I will wake
and bring you a gift, it's a surprise who you'll
share energy with.

— Eva Tortora

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RUNNING OUT OF TIME

